world FILM news

HOMAGE TO FRED ASTAIRE

TOLSTOY ON THE CINEMA

SCREEN BIOGRAPHIES (1912-36)

LADY CAVENDISH

JOHN GRIERSON

JIMMY WONG HOWE

JACQUES FEYDER

MARCH 1s

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GOOD NEWS FOR EXHIBITORS

At various times I visit the Studios to see the "rushes" of our new pictures. This has made me hard-boiled and sparing in recommending pictures unless I am positively certain of their appeal. I am not attempting in this statement to sell you pictures, but I think you ought to know that some of our forthcoming films, "rushes" of which I have seen, are so exceptional that in your own interests you should make it your business to see them.

Last week I saw the rough print of "BULLDOG DRUMMOND AT BAY" and I declare without any reservation that just as the Press regarded the book as the best of the series of Bulldog Drummond stories, so our picture is the most brilliant of the Drummond pictures that have yet been shown. It is perfectly cast with John Lodge as Hugh Drummond, Claud Allister as Algy, Victor Jory as Gregoroff and Dorothy Mackaill as the wise-cracking Doris; its thrills, tempo and contrasting comedy touches make it a top-liner in any house anywhere.

I also saw Mary Ellis in "GLAMOROUS NIGHT." This, as you know, is the film version of Ivor Novello's tremendous Drury Lane success. In my opinion, the picture is superior to the play and Mary Ellis gives a truly remarkable performance. The film glows with romance; the music is excellent and that, as you know, your audiences crave for. "GLAMOROUS NIGHT" will equal the box office receipts of any pictures brought from abroad and will delight audiences everywhere.

The latest British National picture, "THE STREET SINGER" starring Arthur Tracy, which I have seen, for superb singing and entertainment beats anything he has done previously, and the packed houses which greet him on his present provincial tour assures you that he is now at the height of his popularity. "THE STREET SINGER" is a crackerjack picture with which you will make lots of money.

These films, I submit, together with smash hits such as those we have recently shown—pictures like "PLEASE TEACHER," "AREN'T MEN BEASTS," "THE DOMINANT SEX," "SENSATION," "KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN" and others, establish Associated British as the foremost British film Company.

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THE KINEMATOGRAPH WEEKLY: '. . . of absorbing interest . . . No showman need rely on any sense of public spirit as an excuse for its presentation. It is entertaining as well as a valuable social sidelight on one of the most important subjects affecting every human being.'

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CINEMA: '*Monsieur Boulestin, celebrated gastronome and artist of the kitchen, showed what a bumper meal can be made from a few scraps of chicken, some vegetables and a few eating apples!*'

world FILM news
AND TELEVISION PROGRESS
(INCORPORATING CINEMA QUARTERLY)
VOL. I NO. 12 PRICE: ONE SHILLING MARCH 1937

YOU KNOW THOSE four little worry wrinkles that droop away from a dachshund's eyes, and make it look so sad and so terribly appealing? Sometimes Fred's got that look to me. Maybe that's why I love dachshunds —they remind me of Fred. When I get back to Ireland I'm going to get eight of them. Big dachshunds that will have little dachshunds romping sadly all around. I can look at them and see Fred.

HOMAGE TO FRED ASTAIRE

by Lady Cavendish—

celebrated in the show world as Adele Astaire

By arrangement with "Variety"

Fred was never satisfied with anything he'd do on the stage. Couldn't believe it was good. That's the way he is about his pictures, only more so. As much more as a picture is bigger, is a greater responsibility, than a show. He takes it so hard you can't talk to him about it. You say maybe you don't exactly think the stories are too well suited to him, and he thrusts that chin out and demands, "What's the matter with 'em?" He's more sensitive than ever.

But, you know films are evidently the most nerve-racking things in the world. Oh, much worse than the stage. Of course on the stage it's every night and in the films it's just once—but that once is for ever. It must be, it should be, at least, perfection. Fred feels that. But the mental hazard's that much greater. Fred works hard, very hard. After everything else there is always his own endless rehearsing. He never likes anything he does. He puts so much into it, he's so close to it—it comes so hard to him, he thinks——that he just won't believe he's finally reached it when it's finished. He can't believe it's any good. So when people tell him they like it, he thinks they're being nice. Trying to let him down easy. Yet one little criticism, and he gets mad. He blows up, but quickly, and it's over. Then afterwards he says, "Yes, you were right. It stinks."

All the time he's climbing, he's worrying he's slipping. He said to me, "You'd think after all these years in show business, my whole life, I'd have achieved some feeling of security. That I'd have earned at least that. But no, I've got less now than when I started." Or is it the one of Laurel and Hardy that Fred reminds me of—that one with the chin down to here?

Still, maybe if he had nothing to worry about he wouldn't be happy. That's it. He's happiest working because he's happiest worrying. But at least when he's worrying, he's working.

I remember in the old days when we used to rehearse. Fred was the one who wanted to go on and on. He was the one who wanted to practise. He wouldn't stop till he got it right. I was the one who always wanted to go eat something. I hated to practise. I'd snatch at any excuse to quit. I haven't the artist in me that Fred has. Funny, for I was the one who was brought up for the stage. But Fred. He wouldn't sit down until the step was right not if it took all night. Not if it took all winter.

So we'd rehearse and practise and practise and rehearse and then somehow, someway, opening night, I'd manage to make it. How, I never knew. Hysteria probably. We'd all have dinner together at six o'clock opening night. In our rooms in the hotel in Philadelphia, say. Last time, Tillie was with us too. That was opening night of *Band Wagon*. We sat at dinner, all of us but we didn't eat. We didn't drink, because I can't. We talked. About anything. Not about the show. Oh, gosh, nothing about the show. We talked, and then we didn't know what we were saying. We couldn't hear each other. For now we were all laughing. We were all being so funny, so cockeyed brilliantly funny. We yelled. We screamed. We roared. Next morning, they told us we'd opened in *Band Wagon*. We hardly knew it. We never remembered a thing that happened. We had to get like that. We'd never have been able to face opening nights otherwise.

Opening night I'd reach it, I'd do it the way Fred wanted, and then after the show'd been running a while, I'd start missing. I'd start to tangle. Maybe I'd miss a step, so in

getting to the wings I'd stroll off frightfully blithe, acting very cute (I thought) outfoxing him, telling myself, "Now; never mind. He won't notice that—it was such a little thing." But he'd be waiting for me. "Babe, you missed a step tonight," he'd say, very patiently. "Think we'd better stay after the show and rehearse," and somehow no matter what I wanted to do instead, no matter where I thought I had to go, there he'd have me rehearsing for hours, teaching me the routine all over again.

I remember one night in *Funny Face*. I can't drink at all—it makes me giffy. But one night I went to a cocktail party before the show and I forgot and took two cocktails. It wasn't more than two. There must have been something strange about them though, for I got to the theatre all right and got my make-up on and went out to do my first number with Fred, feeling mightily gay, that's all. Just terribly gay, I thought. But when I got out there, I began singing helter-skelter around the words, and music too, clambering around like a colt. Yet even through the haze I could feel Fred seethe. What's the matter with Fred, I wondered. By the time we got off, he was in a violent rage. I was so stunned—he'd never been like that before with anybody, least of all me. I was so shocked I couldn't say a thing. It sobered me smack up. Which was the best thing that could have happened, because I finished the show all right and I was grateful. But poor Fred. He suffered all night about it. Didn't know what to do. Next day he apologized and bought me a charm for my bracelet. He wanted to make it up to me some way, anyway.

I know more four letter words, and use them, than anyone on earth. Fred's so shocked at the things I say. But he always defends me. "She can get away with it somehow," he says ."They don't mean anything when Adele says them."

But he's just got to be honest. He's got to be frank. "Take that hat off, it's terrible," he'll say to me, or "That dress, it kind of makes you look too wide." And he's always said to me "Adele, whatever you do, never lose your figure. I hate a woman with a broad behind."

He's very observant, Fred. His taste is as good about women's clothes as it is about his own. Of course, Fred is clothes mad. He's always been. He tries on ten ties before he chooses the one he likes well enough to wear. When he goes to his tailor he studies clothes and mulls over them for hours, weighing the merits of this plaid against that check, and yet, damn it, he always looks so casually gotten together, so off-hand, as if he never gave it a thought. Even in England they give him credit for being well dressed. They don't usually do that with an American.

It just knocks me cold, how he's developed. No, it isn't that he's developed. He's always had what he's got now, but it never got a chance to show till I left. He was always staying in the background himself, always pushing me forward. He'd stand back while I got the laugh. Always playing straight for me. So when I finished, things came out he didn't know he could do himself. All the numbers we used to do, they were all Fred's ideas. I couldn't think up a thing if it killed me. It was all his. It certainly wasn't mine. And one day Fred's going to knock them cold with his acting. I know. I knew it first when he did the ballet with Tillie Losch in *Band Wagon*.

If people would only realize when they ask me why I don't do a picture with him—they ask me that all the time, and were quite keen on it while I was in Hollywood—if they'd only realize that he's gone 'way ahead of me. Why, I couldn't begin to keep up with him. I couldn't even reach the steps he throws away.

His dancing's the same. But it grows up. It has the same individuality it always had. It grows up every year. He doesn't say to himself, "Now that such-and-such a thing has hit, I'm going to learn it." He's always inventing.

When he first went into the films, I used to recognize some of the steps. "Aha," I'd say to myself, "I know where that came from, Mr. Fred," and smuglike, I used to wonder when he'd do our run-around routine, our Oom-pah trot. Well, he hasn't done it yet. Maybe he's waiting for me to grow a long grey beard before he springs it. No, I scarcely recognize any of his steps now. Not any more. Where does he get it? That comedy number he does with Ginger in *Follow the Fleet*. That one ought to be right up my street. I should know each little flick of it. But no. It's full of new things.

His singing. The first time I heard his voice on the radio I was home in Ireland; mother was with me. One night the radio was on. All of a sudden they announced Fred. It was just before *Gay Divorce* opened in London as a show. Fred started to sing. He went on. Why, he was even hitting those high notes that used to scare us. It was grand. We cried a little.

Later, after *Gay Divorce* opened in London and I could come over to see it—I'd been ill and couldn't make the opening—I went to see him. I'd never seen him from out front before. It was also the first time I realized that Fred had sex appeal. Fred. Wherever did he get it? He's so unconceited looking.

I've heard about that sex appeal since. All the women I know tell me about him. In England they say they want to mother him, to nestle that funny face of his on their chinchillad bosom. He's got sympathetic appeal. It's a sympathetic puss.

There was a time when faces like Fred's couldn't come near a studio. But now it seems they don't particularly stress prettiness any more. It's as if they won't have a face that they don't have to struggle with. Blot out a chin or something. A face so handsome you don't need to do a damn thing except photograph it, they won't bother with. It seems that way.

I remember when Alex Aarons thought it would be a good idea to send us to England. Well, they looked at our pictures and then they told Alex, "Charming, doubtless, but not very good looking. The English like good looking people." We didn't go to England, not then, but in 1923, Sir Alfred Butt risked it. He took a chance with us, put us in *Stop Flirting*. And the English overlooked our faces.

There were other shows after that. Runs here, then over there. *For Goodness Sake*, *Lady be Good*, *Funny Face*. Same way with Fred's films. They like them in England too. Also his phonograph records. I'm taking back hundreds of his new recordings for our friends. It's wonderful to be in show business today. If you're good, you're a triple threat. The stage, the films, the radio. If you're good at one thing, they want you for all.

I wonder if you remember when Fred and I danced together? They always watched him.

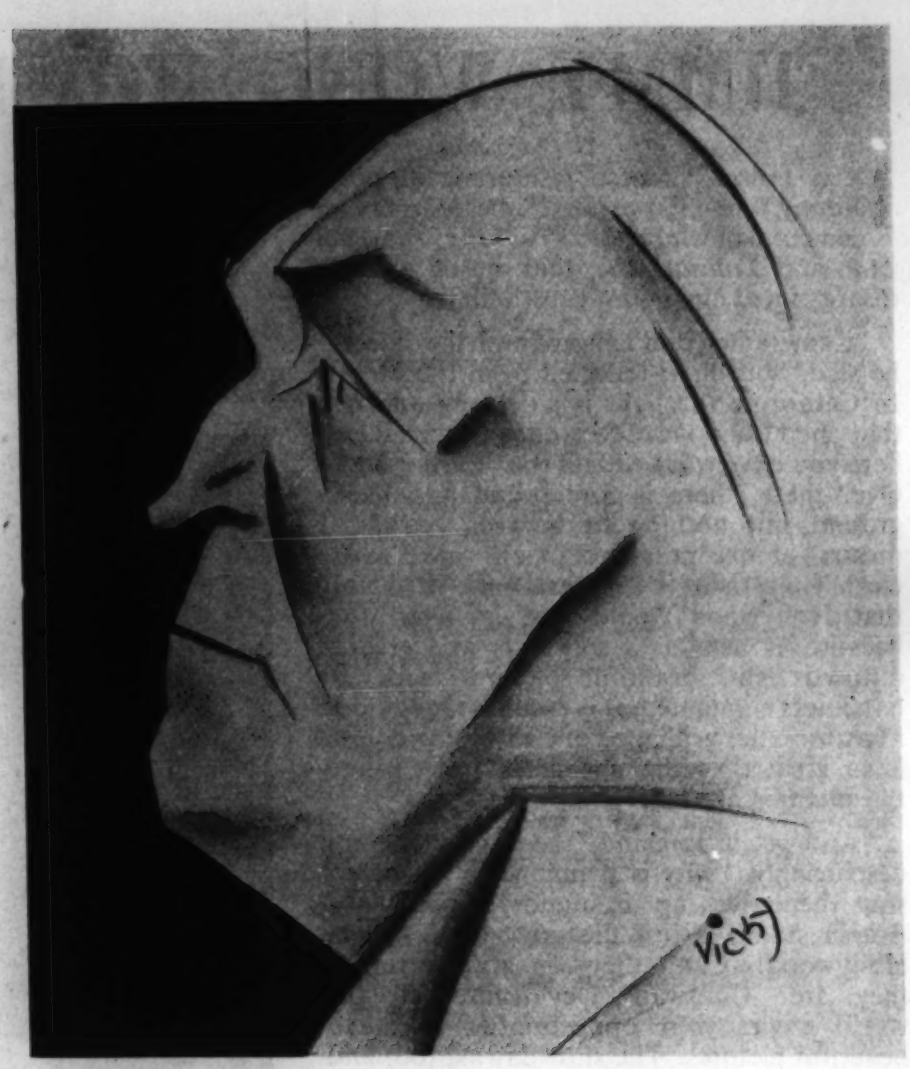
Fred and Adele Astaire in "Lady be Good" at the Empire Theatre, 1926

(*Courtesy Play Pictorial*)

THE FINEST EYES IN CINEMA

by John Grierson

Here, one documentary producer discusses the work of another. This is the first aesthetic estimate of Flaherty's "Elephant Boy," which will undoubtedly be the most discussed film of the year.



ELEPHANT BOY IS based on Kipling's Toomai of the Elephants. John Collier worked on the script and Korda was the producer, but most people will, I expect, be less interested in Kipling, Collier and Korda than in the director Flaherty. So established now is the tradition of *Nanook*, *Moana*, *Tabu* and *Man of Aran*, that filmic expectation lies with the old master who first taught us what a realist cinema could mean. A few directors like Capra are slick as the devil. A few greater ones like Griffith, Eisenstein and Pudovkin strike a gong in film history and teach us a new command of the medium. Fewer still, and these I think are the greatest directors, provide us with whole philosophy of cinema—a fresh vision which, glancing past all questions of skill and technique and even sometimes past success itself, give us an inspired sight of things. Of these is Flaherty. Vertov talks of the kino eye, but Flaherty, who never talks of it, has it. Those who like myself have known him for a long time remain in this sense his students. We can whack him in theory and out-distance him in economics but the maestro has caught the eye of the gods.

Oxford in the Jungle

If ever proof were necessary how old fashioned the Kipling idiom has become it is here in *Elephant Boy*, Walter Hudd, the pukka sahib Peterson, hunter of elephants, is Kipling to the bone. The patronage of the jungle is perfect. There is the fairy pomp of the sahibs and, to the rhetorical parlance tale of the all too fairy-tale hunters, are added the wood notes wild of the Oxford accent. But striding through the jungle in a golden track is the other thing: Flaherty with his elephants and Toomai the boy. They are real and in the great tradition of cinema: seen and, with affection, felt. So far as I am concerned, nothing in cinema this year is likely to show anything like it, and despite the cluttering incidentals of Kiplingesque nonsense, I am grateful.

I find the film nicely symbolic for I have watched Flaherty for some years striding in just such isolation through the synthetic jungle of movie. One time picturing a Hollywood director "on his knees" before a radio in Samoa, trying to get the Coconut Grove orchestra from Hollywood; another time describing the exhortations of a producer after seeing the women of Moana, to "fill the screen with all they've got"; Flaherty has been defending sometime or other against the synthesists all his life. He would call it "a sense of smell."

The Studio Mind

Elephant Boy begins magnificently. Toomai is set on the back of the highest elephant of all Mysore: in his youth and innocence giving a dignity to the Indian people one has never seen before on the screen. One is prepared for anything. The great herd of wild elephants is signalled. There are expectations of a jungle more exciting than the jungle of *Chang*, and of a relationship between man and nature as deep again as *Nanook*. Something of this does, in fact, come through. The father dies and the great elephant goes mad and, crashing through the camp, escapes. The boy, following, at last sees the mythical dance of the wild elephants. The elephants in a storming trumpeting mob are driven into the stockade and the boy weeps as the elders award him the insignia of a great hunter.

But enter Messrs. Kipling and Korda and the studio mind. I do not blame it: I merely note the alien strangeness of its juxtaposition in this film. With its synthetic spectacle of studio camp scenes and West End voices it brings the film at every turn to an artificial, different plane. It comes between the boy and the jungle, and the full perspective of reality is not realised. They say an elephant will go mad on the death of his master and that he will go more mysteriously mad *just before* the death of his master. Nothing of this. Synthesis steps in and, an actor, in a fake beard, lashes the elephant to give a more occidental motive for madness. The jungle might have been with its thousand eyes the image of all young and ardent odysseys. Nothing of this either. The film drives on under the lash of the synthesists to the mere circus excitements of an elephant hunt.

East is East

It takes Flaherty to remind us that we film people live in two worlds, and the two, Kipling fashion, do not often meet. The studio mind does not understand the realist mind, nor vice versa. One hopes continually a producer will arise who will take a genius for great observation like Flaherty's and combine it naturally with the forces of the studio. Korda has not in this case quite succeeded in being that producer. He has not fully appreciated the possibilities of Flaherty's observation and nursing it, given it the shape of great drama. Though the film is exciting and will be popular it is embarrassed aesthetically on this misunderstanding.

Flaherty would be the first to say that of all producers Korda has the most developed taste and all of us will recommend the gallantry with which, in spite of his own different sense of drama, he has backed *Elephant Boy*. But this only emphasises the problem.

We shall need further experiments in production before the great film qualities which Flaherty represents are brought fully to the screen.

JIMMY WONG HOWE

Cameraman of "The Thin Man," "Viva Villa," "Transatlantic," "Fire Over England"

IN A LITTLE Chinese restaurant in Soho Jimmy Wong Howe, the Chinese-American cameraman who made *Viva Villa*, *The Thin Man* and *Transatlantic*, told me of all that disappointed him about British films.

"Cameramen don't photograph the object," he said, "but light reflected from the object. In California the light is so strong and dry that chemically it is often out of focus. Over here you have what we call the 'third plane.' Over there, there is foreground and background, but nothing in between. Artificial means—smoke pots and so on—have to be used. Here there is a natural mist in the air that Hollywood would give its heart for, because it acts as a soft filter and gives a diffused light, beautiful pictures with all harshness eliminated. It is excellent for colour films too: the brilliance of Californian colour is so great that the chemicals resist it and the pictures are blurry.

"And yet in England," he appealed to me despairingly, "why is it that your producers shut themselves up in studios? A wall in a British studio is just the same as a wall in Hollywood. Can't they *see* how fortunate they are? Cornwall, Devonshire—all the world envies your opportunities to make beautiful pictures. The slow dawns, too, and the long twilights: they should forget about midday and give the cameraman a chance."

"The closing sequences of *Tabu*?" I reminded him.

"Yes!"

"And how about Flaherty?" I asked. "Don't you find his work distinguished?"

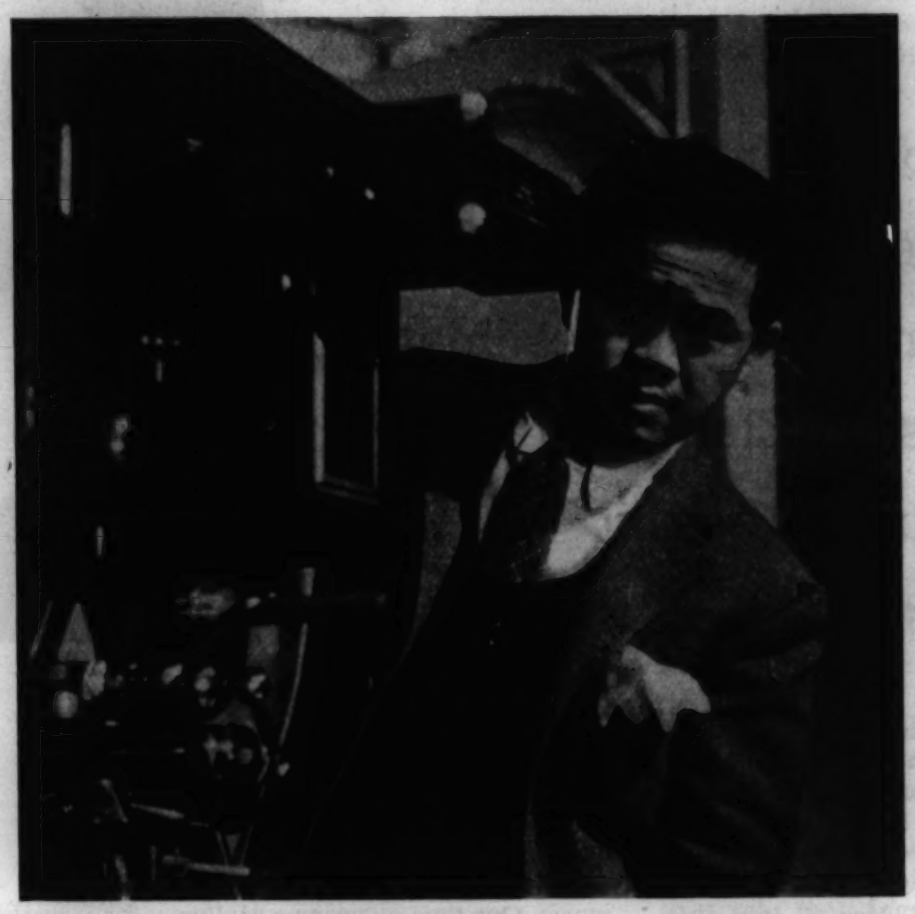
"He is a brilliant artist. Yet, at times . . . he uses such heavy filtering—those black skies—he over-corrects sometimes and the effects tend to be unnatural. Of course, he does it to express a mood, but one becomes too conscious of the photographer. In *Fire Over England* I've got a moonbeam effect, for instance, which, after I had photographed it, I knew was all wrong—over-emphasised. The showman putting it on too thick."

"The old German films must have interested you," I said. "The U.F.A. style?"

"Yes. I read Gunther Krampf's article in WORLD FILM NEWS last month, and I tried to disagree with it, but I couldn't! But I think he is wrong to speak of the curse of dialogue. Dialogue was only a nuisance when it was a new toy. After all, films must tell stories, and dialogue takes unnecessary work off the cameraman's shoulders.

"During the great German period photographers ran wild. They used pictures to startle people, just as sound was used when it first arrived. But those films would look overdone to-day. Of course, the style suited fantasies—*Faust*, *Metropolis*—but it is unacceptable in modern fantasies, because dialogue brought naturalism with it. Nevertheless, they were enterprising in those days."

"And to-day photographers aren't enterprising enough?"



"In Hollywood we are not paid to use our imaginations"

"They forget imagination! Lenses aren't used emotionally. A scene may demand one kind of lens for a simple photograph, and quite another if a dramatic effect is to be conveyed. If you have to get a mob scene, packed tight with people, oppressively close, you would ordinarily use a wide-angle lens. But if you use a telescopic lens you would make the mob appear more dense and compact than it really is. Long focus lenses draw the background towards the foreground into one plane. A wide angle lens pushes everything back, scatters everything. In Hollywood we are not paid to use our imaginations."

"When we made *Transatlantic*, for example, William K. Howard, the director, came to me and said, 'All sea pictures are the same. How can we get a different feeling—something unusual?' I thought, 'Lighting has been used up; the only way is by means of lenses.' So we shot the whole picture in wide-angle lenses, forgetting about close-ups. Of course, women couldn't be photographed with a wide-angle lens—it distorts, and they don't like that, you know."

"You seem to have made Myrna Loy interesting easily enough."

"Because she is clever. Most men and women on the screen want to be good-looking instead of interesting. I have to study their little idiosyncrasies and individualities and catch all their piquant angles and expressions. Myrna Loy's cleverness is that she knows just as well as I do what effects to get. Unlike the many sudden upstarts in Hollywood, she has had long experience, and she meets a cameraman half way."

"How would you compare European and American photography?"

"The great difference is in the laboratory work. Take *La Kermesse Héroïque*. The photography is good, the laboratory work bad. The photographer got soft high lights and half tones which were distorted—values were lost—like a bad newspaper reproduction. There is a certain granular effect on the screen, a chemical fog, which comes of too much bromide and not enough sulphide, and it spoils so many British pictures. In America they respect the laboratory department of the studio far more than over here.

"But it is good enough, you know. It is the subjects of British pictures that make them so disappointing. Why not make a film about Hyde Park, for instance? In London, I am told, you have fogs so heavy you cannot see, and blind people come out and guide people to their homes. What a picture could be made out of a subject like that!"

John Barber

EDITORIAL

Shorts in the Balance

THE CINEMATOGRAPH EXHIBITORS' Association has addressed a letter to Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade. They take exception to the recommendations of the Moyne Committee, set up to advise the Government on film legislation, and they object particularly to Lord Moyne's recommendations in favour of short films.

They say: "Any quota imposed in the matter of short films will represent a maximum of exhibition and they will be a constant source of friction within the trade and they will never be worth their rentals.... If importers had to acquire British shorts the supply of foreign shorts would be curtailed and this would not suit our business nor the normal public. We repeat with emphasis our request to the committee that the quota upon shorts should be abolished."

The film trade is notoriously stupid when it comes to taking a national point of view. The short film does much to describe the life of the country and of the Empire and is a valuable aid to national projection. In short films, moreover, this country has achieved a high international reputation. Its *Secrets of Life* films are a model of their kind and the technique of its documentary films is the only technical contribution by the British cinema which other countries have thought worth copying. For these reasons alone the Moyne recommendation of a 10–15 per cent. quota must carry the backing of all good citizens.

The national interest is one thing, but what are we to think of a film industry which does not know how to consult its own domestic interests? The short film is a training ground for young technicians. It represents an opportunity—or shall we say a blooding ground?—for new capital. It provides a field for technical experiments to be tried and new contributions to the art of cinema initiated, within sensible economic limits. It provides an element of variety for British programmes. In an article last month Mr. Harry Langdon cited the unusual number of great American directors who had graduated from the field of American shorts—among them Capra, Lloyd, Del Ruth, Zanuck and Milestone.

Witnesses before the Moyne Committee advanced these arguments and the Committee was sufficiently impressed by their weight to recommend a development of short films in Britain. It is ironic that a government committee should demonstrate a more far-seeing sense of showmanship than the showmen themselves.

Whitehall Might Note

MARCH OF TIME has, we hear, been again under fire. This, the most vital of all contributors to public discussion on the screen, recently issued an item describing the problem of physical fitness in Britain. It mentioned Mr. Duff Cooper's difficulty with recruits and cited the scientific findings of Sir John Orr on the subject of nutrition. In one London theatre, the Cameo, the item was cut: to the great advantage of the Tatler nearby for all London flocked to see this realistic account of a matter of great public importance.

Complaints have been voiced by associates of the Conservative Central Office who maintain that the item is one-sided and, in its references to unfit recruits and malnutrition, an unfair reflection of the fair face of Britain. We have put the Conservative case to the editors of *March of Time* and they raise a point in reply which should command the attention of all Government Departments.

The March of Time, its sponsors assure us, is strictly non-political. They point to the British items which have already appeared. Some clearly, like *British Shipping*, *British Films* and *Civil Aviation*, have done a national service, for the huge circulation of *March of Time* in America and the Dominions—a matter of 8,000 odd theatres—has been opened to the story of British achievements. In other sequences like the *League of Nations*, the *Tithe War* and *Britain's Health*, the *March of Time* policy has been to maintain an open forum in which all sides of a public problem are presented.

We understand that, in the case of *Britain's Health*, Sir Kingsley Wood was not in a position to make a contribution to the discussion. This misfortune will no doubt be rectified in future. No Government Department can afford to ignore nine thousand theatres which vitally affect opinion in Great Britain, the Empire and the United States.

Lion Rampant

THERE IS GREAT TO-DO in the north about films of Scotland. The lead has been taken by the authorities of the Scottish Empire Exhibition which is due in Glasgow in 1938. Plans are being made which will describe the life and work of the country and a deputation will presently cross the border to ask Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Korda and other London producers to put down a Scottish subject for their 1938 schedule. The argument advanced is that Scotland's contribution to film revenue deserves a better return than the Yankee version of *Mary of Scotland* and the Hungarian-Franco-American version of *The Ghost Goes West*.

The case for Scottish films goes deeper than nationalism. If the special qualities of Scottish life and character are conveyed to the screen in dramatic terms they will represent a welcome addition to British film materials. There is an intensity in the Scottish sense of drama which might come to exercise a healthy influence on the more namby-pamby agonies of the West End. There is a debunking quality in Scottish humour which might provide a measure of relief from the emptier antics of the Messrs. Walls and Lynn. We suspect too that in Scottish village life there is the same wealth of caricature and character which is now the special asset of the French cinema.

The only thing we ask is that when Scotland goes south with its movies, it will leave Harry Lauder, J. M. Barrie and Robert Burns behind. We can hardly believe that Harry Lauder is true. We do not care whether J. M. Barrie is true or not, for we have had much too much of him. As for the truth of Burns no Scotsman would dare to tell it, for fear of his fellow Scots.

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Bound Volumes

This is the twelfth issue of WORLD FILM NEWS. Readers who wish to have their copies bound should apply to the Editorial Office. A limited number of back issues for each month are available.

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Stalemate?

The appointment of Mr. Neville Kearney, secretary of the Film Section of the Federation of British Industries to a governorship of the Film Institute, makes the structure of the governing body just a little more difficult than before. It looks like becoming that *reductio ad absurdum* of representative bodies—a committee of secretaries. No doubt Mr. Kearney will defend the interests of the commercial producers to the utmost. That is his job, and he will do it with his usual ardour and skill.

But if all the secretaries of all the sectional interests pursue their professional loyalties, what a picture of stalemate it conjures up.

An early Queen Elizabeth. Sarah Bernhardt in the 1912 French version acquired by Zukor for Paramount

FROM Sarah Bernhardt TO Flora Robson

★

VISCOUNT MERSEY'S recent motion in the House of Lords urging the government to take steps to ensure accuracy in historical films raises important issues. In demanding from the historical film the same standards of correctness as from the scientific or educational biology film, Viscount Mersey in effect denies the right of the artist, whether his medium be the film, literature or the paint brush, to use history as a subject for *artistic* creation. For a work of art, of whatever type, is essentially different from a scientific text-book or demonstration film. The ideas, the conceptions of life, expressed through the medium of historical themes in art differ widely in character. They may be straight propaganda for specific social aims, they may be more subtle attempts in which a particular situation of the past is held up as a mirror to the present, or they may be pure means of escape into the realms of fancy clothed in the settings of a former age. Most frequently they combine the elements of more than one of these types. Even where the aims of the artist are best served by as accurate as possible a picture of a given historical theme, it is essential for him to dramatise his subject.

* * *

The first epoch-making example of the historical film as a means of straight propaganda was Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*. For the basic theme of this film is the action of the former Southern slave owners who, despite their defeat in the American Civil War, re-conquered their former political monopoly by force of arms and constituted themselves as the Nation.

A similar example is provided by the cycle of films glorifying the reign and campaigns of Frederick II. of Prussia (*Friedericus Rex*, etc.), released in Germany during the early years of the Weimar Republic. The support given to this type of production by the Reichswher authorities and the enthusiasm with which they were greeted by the "nationalist" middle classes clearly expressed their longing, whipped to fever heat by the Ruhr invasion, for the return of a "glorious past."

On the other hand the great Soviet films from *Potemkin* and the *End of St. Petersburg* to *Chapaiev* exhilarated millions throughout the world with their stirring chronicle of the Russian workers' struggle for the establishment of a new world.

The fashion for history films which has swept the Anglo-American cinemas since the release of the *Private Life of Henry VIII* at the end of 1933 differs materially in the nature of its appeal from the other historical cycles. Its main accent is placed not on the epoch-making, but rather on the intimate personal aspects of the past. Its sphere is not Grand History, but the "Chronique Scandaleuse" (more or less discreetly veiled for censorship purposes) and the historical pageant. It is not surprising to find, therefore, that in the majority of cases history has become historical biography.

There could be no clearer indication of this tendency than the title of the film which opened the cycle. Henry VIII, more perhaps than any other monarch in English history, broke down the bulwarks of a whole epoch and paved the way for a new form of society. He created a new ruling class and established a national church. Yet, from his film "life" all his public actions without exception are eliminated and the attention of the audiences is directed exclusively to his private love affairs. A legion of *Rasputins*, *Catherines*, *Nell Gwynns*, *Queen Christinas*, *Du Barrys*, *Don Juans* followed to exploit the public interest in the erotic foibles of the great, or at best in the psychological problems of historical personalities, portrayed on a background of pageantry.

This type of appeal was nothing new for the film public. Even the figure of Henry VIII had been portrayed from this angle by Jannings in a film called *Anne Boleyn* (1924) and the same actor had provided superb examples of the psychological problem biography or character play in such films as *Ivan the Terrible* and *Tartuffe*. America had seen a *Private Life of Helen of Troy* and a *Madame Pompadour* (Dorothy Gish), both in 1928, and a *Du Barry* in 1930, to mention only a few examples and to omit a whole series of *Abraham Lincolns*, *Alexander Hamiltons* and *George Washingtons*. Moreover, only a short time before the release of *Henry VIII* Anglo-Saxon audiences had been thrilled with continental films such as *Congress Dances* and *Rasputin* (both Conrad Veidt, 1932).

* * *

Until the release of the Korda film, trade experience in the English-speaking countries had proved the unprofitability of the "period picture." Even if due allowance is made for a quint-essential concentration of the recipe (human foibles of royalty plus pageantry) in *Henry VIII* and for its technical qualities, the outstanding success of that film cannot therefore be accounted for on that score alone. It must rather be due to the fact that that recipe was just what was wanted in the Anglo-Saxon markets at the time when the film was released. History, the story of actual events, was sufficiently real to attract the interest of a public too absorbed in actualities to put up with fairy tales. Yet by transporting its audience to the past it avoided the dangerous ground of contemporary controversy.

THE CINEMA'S PAGEANT OF HISTORY

★

F. D. KLINGENDER

At the same time the prevalent impatience with conventions found a safe outlet in the piquant pleasantries of court amours. In this formula history no longer serves to fan the flames of contemporary zeal, it has become a new and refined form of escape.

* * *

A glance at the list (by no means complete) of recent historical films at the end of this article will show that the glamorous *chronique scandaleuse*, though greatly predominating, was not the only type of film produced in the recent history craze. The fashion for "period" shows once started, there was naturally also a certain supply of "grand history" subjects, though characteristically enough always with the main accent on the "great man" theory and invariably of the "schoolboy-history-with-a-moral" type, of which Mr. George Arliss is so masterly an exponent. (It should be noted that the first of the historical Arliss series in fact preceded *Henry VIII: Disraeli* 1930, *Alexander Hamilton* 1931. The later ones include *The Iron Duke* 1934, *Voltaire* 1934, *The House of Rothschild* 1935, *Richelieu* 1935 ; non-Arliss films of a similar type include the English films *Jew Suss* 1934, *Drake of England* 1935, *Rhodes of Africa* 1936, and the American *Clive of India* 1935). As the cycle advanced the national sentiment imperceptibly but clearly grew more intense in this sub-group of the historical species.

The stealthy re-entry of bear-garden patriotism by the historical backdoor was not, however, entirely unopposed. There was also a small group of films mainly advocating a counter-tendency and using history as a mirror of, instead of an escape from, contemporary reality. In this category, pride of place belongs—next to the non-biographical anti-arms racketeering film *The Man Who Reclaimed His Head.* (Universal, Claude Raines, 1935)—to the English film *Abdul the Damned* 1935, the theme of which is the liberal revolution that swept the last of the despotic sultans into oblivion. *Viva Villa* (1934) and *The Robin Hood of Eldorado* with their semi-legendary stories of revolt in an American setting also belong to this group.

The most valuable result of the history craze was the discovery that the interesting personalities and problems of the past were not exclusively confined to the members of reigning houses and their military chiefs or paramours. Writers, painters, musicians, showmen and scientists of the past have crowded our screens in increasing numbers (Schubert *Blossom Time* 1934, *Voltaire* 1934, *The Mighty Barnum* 1935, *The Great Ziegfeld*, *Rembrandt*, *Louis Pasteur*, all 1936 : Beethoven, Verdi, Alfred Nobel all under consideration). The treatment of these themes has varied from that of the light romantic musical to psychological studies of artistic creation, though naturally seen through the spectacles of the "Neurotic Young-Man-from-Bloomsbury."

The best contributions have undoubtedly come from America both on the hilarious showman-cum-racketeering level and on the serious interpretation group, by far the most outstanding example of which is *Pasteur.* This is the only case so far existing in which the personal problem is rendered profound by a universal historical perspective: the struggle for scientific advance against conservative prejudice.

The categories distinguished in this article are by no means water-tight compartments. They are tendencies prominent in the recent cycle of historical films and in many of the individual films they are blended in varying proportions. This is particularly true of the films outstanding through their quality. *Mutiny on the Bounty* 1936, is perhaps the most striking case in point. A character study of a complex and perverse personality is combined with a serious attempt to reveal a section of historical reality—the terrible conditions existing in the eighteenth-century navy that conquered an empire and the revolt which was the inevitable outcome. Yet this compound of thrills and emotions is so skilfully blended that the film ends by being an almost lyrical glorification of that very navy and empire.

EUROPEAN FIGURE-HEADS

Continental history film production during the last few years includes both the pre-crisis nationalism and the present biographical tendencies. From the two main fascist countries comes a host of the inevitable Fredericks, Bismarcks, Zeppelins, Napoleons, to which now are added Hitlers and Horst Wessels, while France and Austria produced mainly biographical films in which cultural and political characters are balanced in approximately equal proportions. Russia continued the revolutionary history tradition in Chapaiev, which shows, however, a distinct turn to more personal problems of character change ; cultural biography appeared in the O'Henry film, *The Great Consoler*, while character study and historical interpretation of a past epoch appear to be combined in the *Peter the Great* film now in course of production. Finally in the *Three Songs of Lenin* Russia supplied an entirely new type of film which is partly *documentary* biography, partly a lyrical portrait of Lenin's memory as it survives the different areas of the vast Soviet Union.

The latest Queen Elizabeth. Flora Robson in "Fire Over England"

List of Historical-Biographical Films, 1912-1936

(This list covers fully the historical-biographical films of recent years but only a selection is given from those of the 'silent period'.)

NAME OF FILM	*STARS*	*DIRECTOR*	*PRODUCER and/or DISTRIBUTOR*	*DATE*
Queen Elizabeth	Sarah Bernhardt			1912
Birth of a Nation		D. W. Griffiths	Allied Artists	1912
Last Days of Pompeii (Italian)			Intercine	1913
Intolerance	Mae Marsh Erich von Stroheim Bessie Love Douglas Fairbanks Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree Lilian Gish Monty Blue	D. W. Griffiths	Wark Films	1915
Robespierre	(From Victor Sardou's Play)		Cine Productions	1917
Winning a Continent (History of Africa)			African Film Productions	1917
Life of Lord Kitchener			Winds Production	1917
German Retreat and the Battle of Arras	(Official war film)		Jury	1917
Rasputin, the Power Behind the Throne	Montague Lane		World Brady	1917
Kaiser—Beast of Berlin	Ralph Julian		Western Import	1918
Cleopatra	Theda Bara		Fox	1918
The Crusaders			Guazzoni Productions	1918
My Four Years in Germany (From the book by Ex-Ambassador Gerrard)				1918
Rule Britannia (Official Admiralty Production)			Butcher's	1918
On to Berlin	George Walsh		Fox	1918
Kaiser's Finish	E. Schenck		Fox	1918
Boadicea (British)	Elaline Terriss	Sinclair Hill		1918
Du Barry (German)	Pola Negri	Ernst Lubitsch	Decla-Bioskop	1919
The Crusades	All Star Cast		Jury Imperial	1919
Nelson	Malvina Longfellow Donald Calthrop Ivy Close		Apex Films	1919
The Romance of Lady Hamilton	Malvina Longfellow		Philips Film Company	1919
Salome	Theda Bara		Fox	1919
At the Mercy of Tiberius	Peggy Hyland		Gen. Film Renting Co.	1919
Christopher Columbus	George Wagner Madame Massart		Gaumont	1920
The Power of the Borgias	Enrico Ratentini Irene Sapho Momo		Gen. Film Renting Co.	1920
Barabbas (Twelve Episodes)			Gaumont	1920
Calvary	Malvina Longfellow		British Exhibition Films	1920
Battle of Jutland (Official war film)				1921
How Lord Kitchener was Betrayed			Screen Plays	1921
Disraeli	George Arliss Louis Huff		Allied Artists	1921
Queen of Sheba (1921 edition)	Betty Blythe Fritz Lieber	J. Gordon Edwards	Fox	1921
Julius Caesar				1922
Conquest of Canaan	Thomas Meighan		Famous Lasky	1922
Nero	Jaques Gertillat Alexander Salvini Paulette Duval Violet Merserea		Fox	1922
With Stanley in Africa (Serial)	George Walsh Louis Corain		F.B.O.	1922
Robin Hood	Douglas Fairbanks	Allan Dwan	Allied Artists	1923
The Ten Commandments	Richard Dix	Cecil B. de Mille	Paramount	1923
Bonnie Prince Charlie	Ivor Novello Gladys Cooper		Gaumont	1923
Catherine the Great	All Star		Walturdaw	1923
Conquest of Peru	(Lattimore and Dyott)		(not for release)	1923
The Crusader	William Russell		Fox	1923
Dauphin of France	Tibor Lubinski		Grangers	1923

Private Life of Henry VIII 1933

Abdul the Damned 1935

Chapaiev 1934

NAME OF FILM	STARS	DIRECTOR	PRODUCER and/or DISTRIBUTORS	DATE
Fall of Babylon	Constance Talmadge Elmo Lincoln		F.B.O.	1923
Guy Fawkes	Matheson Lang		Stoll	1923
The Loves of Pharaoh	Emil Jannings		F.B.O.	1923
Loves of the Mighty	Emil Jannings		Ideal	1923
Peter the Great	Emil Jannings		F.B.O.	1923
The Loves of Mary Queen of Scots	Fay Compton Gerald Ames		Ideal	1923
The Royal Oak	Fay Compton Henry Ainley		Stoll	1923
Salome	Nazimova		Allied Artists	1923
Samson and Delilah	Maria Corda		Stoll	1923
Sodom and Gomorrah	Lucy Doraine		F.B.O.	1923
The Virgin Queen	Lady Diana Manners		Rose	1923
Ziska	H. Leondiff		Gaumont	1923
Richard the Lion-Hearted	Wallace Beery		Allied Artists	1923
Marie Antoinette	Dinna Kavenne		Moss Empires	1923
Anne Boleyn	Emil Jannings Harry Porter		F.B.O.	1923–4
Abraham Lincoln (1924 edition)	Ruth Clifford Nell Craig	Phil Rosen	First National	1924
Dick Turpin	Matheson Lang	Sinclair Hill	Stoll	1924
Beau Brummel	John Barrymore		F.B.O.	1924
Claude Duval	Fay Compton		Gaumont	1924
Henry, King of Navarre	Matheson Lang		Stoll	1924
Koenigsmark	Hugette Duflos		W. & F.	1924
The Nibelungs	Paul Richter		Graham Wilcox	1924
Dick Turpin	Tom Mix		Fox	1925
Helen of Troy			Cosmograph	1924–5
Livingstone	M. A. Wetherall		Hero Film	1925
Quo Vadis	Emil Jannings		First Nat.	1924–5
Battleship Potemkin		S. M. Eisenstein	1st Studio, Goskino	1925
Dick Turpin	Victor McLaglen	John Stafford	Gaumont-British	1925
Boadicea	Phyllis Neilson-Terry Clifford Maclaglen		Stoll	1926
Michael Strogoff	Ivan Mosjovkine		(European)	1926
Nell Gwynn	Dorothy Gish		First Nat.	1926
Mons, War Epic			New Era	1926
Nelson	Cedric Hardwick		New Era	1926
The King of Kings	H. B. Warner	Cecil B. de Mille	Paramount	1927
La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc	Mme. Falconetti	Karl Dreyer	Societe Generale de Films	1927
The Somme			New Era	1927
October		S. Eisenstein G. Alexandrov	Sovkino	1927
Poppies of Flanders			Wardour	1927
Land of Hope and Glory			Napoleon Dists.	1927
The Emden			New Era	1927
The Battle of Coronel and Falkland Islands	(Naval Epic)		W. & F.	1927
Ivan the Terrible (Russian)		Youri-Taritch		1928
Dawn	Sybil Thorndyke		W. & F.	1928
Madame Pompadour	Dorothy Gish Anthony Moreno		Paramount	1928
Napoleon	Albert Drieudonne	Abel Game	Jury-Metro-Goldwyn	1928
Verdun	(War Epic)		Gaumont	1928
Private Life of Helen of Troy	Maria Corda Lewis Stone		First Nat.	1928
Burgomaster of Stillamond	Sir John Martin Harvey		W. & F.	1929
New Babylon		G. Kozintseu, Trauberg	FEA	1929
Ivan the Terrible	L. M. Leonidov		Pro Patria	1928–9
Martin Luther	Eugene Klopfer		Alfa	1929
Rasputin	N. Malikoff Jack Treevor		W. P.	1929
Balaclava	Cyril Maclaglen Benita Hulme		W. & F.	1930
Du Barry	Norma Talmadge Conrad Nagel		United Artists	1930
Loves of Robert Burns	J. Hisslop Eve Gray		Ideal	1930
Abraham Lincoln (1930 edition)	Walter Huston Una Merkel Hobart Bosworth	D. W. Griffiths	United Artists	1930
Disraeli	George Arliss	Alfred E. Green	Warner	1930
Queen of Sheba (1930 edition)			Fox	1930
Alexander Hamilton	George Arliss Doris Kenyon	Jack Adolfi	Warner Bros	1930–1
Jenny Lind	Grace Moore Reginald Denny Wallace Beery		M.G.M.	1931
Joan the Maid	Simone Genvois		Wardour	1931
Danton (German)	Jannings		Ufa	1931
Dreyfus	Cedric Hardwick		B.I.P.	1931

NAME OF FILM	STARS	DIRECTOR	PRODUCER and/or DISTRIBUTORS	DATE
Congress Dances	Lilian Harvey Conrad Veidt Henri Garat		Ufa	1932
Babarina	Lil Dagova		Beacon	1932
Capt. of Coepnick	Max Adalbert		International Productions	1932
Rasputin	Conrad Veidt		National Dists.	1932
The Great Comforter		Kuleshov		1933
Mata Hari	Greta Garbo	Clarence Brown	M.-G.-M.	1933
Henry VIII	Charles Laughton	Alexander Korda	London Films	1933
Rasputin	Lionel Barrymore	Richard Boleslawski	M.-G.-M.	1933
Chapaiev		G. and S. Vassiliev	Leningrad Cinema Trust	1934
Three Songs about Lenin		Dziga Vertov	Mezhrabpomfilm	1934
The Affairs of Cellini	Fredric March	Gregory La Cava	20th Century	1934
Barratts of Wimpole Street	Frederic March Norma Shearer Cedric Hardwick	Sidney Franklin	M.-G.-M.	1934
Blossom Time	Richard Tauber	Paul Stein	B.I.P.	1934
Cleopatra	Claudette Colbert Herbert Wilcoxon	Cecil B. de Mille	Paramount	1934
Don Juan	Douglas Fairbanks, Snr.	Alexander Korda	London Films	1934
Iron Duke	George Arliss	Victor Saville	Gaumont-British	1934
Jew Suss	Conrad Veidt	Lothar Mendes	Gaumont-British	1934
Nell Gwynn	Anna Neagle	Herbert Wilcox	British and Dominions	1934
Queen Christina	Greta Garbo	Rouben Mamoulian	M.-G.-M.	1934
The Scarlet Empress	Marlene Dietrich	Erich von Sternberg	Paramount	1934
Unfinished Symphony	Marta Eggert	Willie Forst	Denning	1934
Viva Villa!	Wallace Beery	Jack Conway	M.-G.-M.	1934
Voltaire	George Arliss	Jack Adolfi	Warner	1934
Abdul the Damned	Fritz Kortner	Karl Grune	B.I.P.	1935
The Cardinal	Matheson Lang		Wardour	1935
Catherine the Great	Elizabeth Bergner	Alexander Korda	London Films	1935
Clive of India	Ronald Colman	Richard Boleslawski	United Artists	1935
The Crusades	Loretta Young Herbert Wilcoxon	Cecil B. de Mille	Paramount	1935
Diamond Jim	Edward Arnold	A. Edward Sutherland	Universal	1935
The Dictator	Clive Brook	Victor Saville	Toeplitz	1935
Drake of England	Matheson Lang	Arthur Woods	B.I.P.	1935
House of Rothschild	George Arliss	Alfred Werker	United Artists	1935
Last Day of Pompeii (American)	Preston Foster Basil Rathbone	Ernst S. Schoedsack	Radio	1935
The Mighty Barnum	Wallace Beery Adolphe Menjou		United Artists	1935
Peg of Old Drury	Anna Neagle	Herbert Wilcox	British and Dominions	1935
Richlieu	George Arliss	Rowland V. Lee	United Artists	1935
So Ended a Great Love	Paula Wessely	Karl Hartl	Denning	1935
Annie Oakley	Barbara Stanwyck	George Stevens	Radio	1936
The Beloved Vagabond	Maurice Chevalier	Kurt Bernhardt	A.B.F.D.	1936
The Country Doctor	Jean Hersholt	Harry King	Fox	1936
Daniel Boone	George O'Brien	David Howard	Radio	1936
The Great Ziegfeld	William Powell	Robert Z. Leonard	M.-G.-M.	1936
Mary of Scotland	Katharine Hepburn	John Ford	Radio	1936
The Last of the Mohicans	Randolph Scott	George B. Seitz	United Artists	1936
Mutiny on the Bounty	Charles Laughton	Frank Lloyd	M.-G.-M.	1936
The Old King and the Young King (Frederick the Great)	Emil Jannings	Hans Steinhoff	Tobis	1936
Pasteur	Paul Muni	William Dieterle	Warner	1936
Rembrandt	Charles Laughton	Alexander Korda	London Films	1936
Rhodes of Africa	Walter Huston	Berthold Viertel	Gaumont-British	1936
Robin Hood of Eldorado	Warner Baxter	William A. Wellman	M.-G.-M.	1936
Sutter's Gold	Edward Arnold	James Cruze	Universal	1936
Tudor Rose	Nova Pilbeam	Robert Stevenson	Gaumont-British	1936
The White Angel	Kay Francis	William Dieterle	Warner	1936
Whom the Gods Love	Stephen Haggard	Basil Dean	A.B.F.D.	1936
Chopin	Francis Lederer	Frank Capra	Columbia	1937
Danton (American)		Reinhardt	Warner	1937
Fire Over England	Flora Robson	William K. Howard	London Films	1937
I, Claudius	Charles Laughton	Cameron Menzies	London Films	1937
Madame Curie	Irene Dunne John Boles	John M. Stahl	Universal	1937
Parnell	Clark Gable	John M. Stahl	M.-G.-M.	1937
The Emperor of California	Louis Trencker		Trenker-film	1936

MEETINGS AND ACQUAINTANCES

ROBERT STEVENSON earned a reputation at Cambridge for ability before he turned to films. He was not only Editor of the *Granta*, President of the Union and a notable sportsman, but held high academic honours in mechanical engineering. His parents gave him six weeks to find a job when against their wishes he insisted on taking up film work. After five weeks' search he joined up with Gaumont-British, and co-directed Jack Hulbert comedies.

He achieved celebrity with *Tudor Rose*, and followed it up with *The Man Who Changed His Mind*, with Boris Karloff. Since then he has been working on *King Solomon's Mines* and is now busy with *Non-Stop New York* down at Shepherd's Bush.

Stevenson says: "Worth-while art conceals itself: if a film makes you want to praise the direction, there's something wrong with it. Look at *Mutiny*—where was the directorial

Robert Stevenson and Anna Lee

style to catch at? It was the subject, rightly, that got the praise, and that should be the height of the director's ambition.

"My *Tudor Rose*, now—the tempo was all wrong—too slow. After making that I used *The Man Who Changed His Mind* for experimenting with. I just tried out ideas, and then strung the results together. Now I am following up a costume picture, a 'horror' and an adventure story with a thriller. I want to try everything before I settle down to any one kind of subject. I'm 'de-typing' characters, building up the small parts . . . Take Anna Lee. The official studio idea is that she is a 'cutie.' Well, she is not a 'cutie' . . . In this film she plays a charlady's daughter, and I am letting her be that—just that. Realism—you can't make anything without it."

Nova Pilbeam

On the set, film stars fall naturally into two categories—the intelligent (those who use their own brains), and the not-so-intelligent (those who use the director's). Indisputably among the former is Nova Pilbeam, seventeen-year-old daughter of Arnold Pilbeam, who was for many years associated with the late Sir Nigel Playfair. She returns to the screen in Hitchcock's forthcoming thriller, adapted from Josephine Tey's best-seller *A Shilling for Candles*.

Although so young, Miss Pilbeam has several years acting experience to her credit. Marigold in *Toad of Toad Hall*; last year's Peter Pan, and the unhappily married Felicia in *The Lady of La Paz*—each of these contrasted characters has helped to bring her, step by step, to the front rank of West End stage stars, while at the age of fourteen she made her screen debut in *Little Friend*. Up to the age of sixteen, even during the production of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, she had to continue her education at school; to which she returned, strangely enough, with no regrets, to pursue her favourite subjects, history and composition.

Her portrayal of Lady Jane Grey in *Tudor Rose* was one of the most moving performances of 1936, due partly to her conscientious study of the part, partly to her innate sense of drama.

In *A Shilling for Candles*, the new Hitchcock film, she is to play the adventure-loving daughter of a chief constable, who joins in the search for the murderer of a girl found dead at the foot of Beachy Head, a search against a background of provincial workhouses, Magistrate's courts, seaside hotels, country inns and rural police stations.

John Maxwell

JOHN MAXWELL head of the Associated British Group, is a Scot. Once a solicitor in Glasgow, theatre interests gradually involved him in other branches of film. Since 1927 he has achieved the most commanding position in the British film industry—a position which the hectic promotions of the past two years have consolidated rather than diminished. Maxwell has known how to wait. In the clatter and din of a year ago one hardly heard of B.I.P. To-day, established on the canniest of policies, it is one of the few solid edifices we have.

His capacity for waiting, his organisation on long term policies and his realistic sense of business values have earned Maxwell a reputation for being hard boiled, but in personal relationships there is nothing of the heavy magnate about him. The freedom with which he discusses film affairs is in fact frequently embarrassing to journalists, though anything he says 'off the record' stays 'off the record.' Before the Moyne Committee he was the most outspoken of all witnesses in his description of trade conditions.

To-day, controlling Elstree and Welwyn Garden City studios, Wardour Films Distributors, Pathé News Reel, the A.B.C. Circuit of two hundred theatres and in line, many believe, for control of the similar vast holdings of Gaumont-British, the question is commonly asked whether John Maxwell is a great enough figure to lead the British film industry to the highest national and international standing.

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MEETINGS AND ACQUAINTANCES

ROBERT STEVENSON earned a reputation at Cambridge for ability before he turned to films. He was not only Editor of the *Granta*, President of the Union and a notable sportsman, but held high academic honours in mechanical engineering. His parents gave him six weeks to find a job when against their wishes he insisted on taking up film work. After five weeks' search he joined up with Gaumont-British, and co-directed Jack Hulbert comedies.

He achieved celebrity with *Tudor Rose*, and followed it up with *The Man Who Changed His Mind*, with Boris Karloff. Since then he has been working on *King Solomon's Mines* and is now busy with *Non-Stop New York* down at Shepherd's Bush.

Stevenson says: "Worth-while art conceals itself: if a film makes you want to praise the direction, there's something wrong with it. Look at *Mutiny*—where was the directorial

Robert Stevenson and Anna Lee

style to catch at? It was the subject, rightly, that got the praise, and that should be the height of the director's ambition.

"My *Tudor Rose*, now—the tempo was all wrong—too slow. After making that I used *The Man Who Changed His Mind* for experimenting with. I just tried out ideas, and then strung the results together. Now I am following up a costume picture, a 'horror' and an adventure story with a thriller. I want to try everything before I settle down to any one kind of subject. I'm 'de-typing' characters, building up the small parts . . . Take Anna Lee. The official studio idea is that she is a 'cutie.' Well, she is not a 'cutie' . . . In this film she plays a charlady's daughter, and I am letting her be that—just that. Realism—you can't make anything without it."

Nova Pilbeam

On the set, film stars fall naturally into two categories—the intelligent (those who use their own brains), and the not-so-intelligent (those who use the director's). Indisputably among the former is Nova Pilbeam, seventeen-year-old daughter of Arnold Pilbeam, who was for many years associated with the late Sir Nigel Playfair. She returns to the screen in Hitchcock's forthcoming thriller, adapted from Josephine Tey's best-seller *A Shilling for Candles*.

Although so young, Miss Pilbeam has several years acting experience to her credit. Marigold in *Toad of Toad Hall*; last year's Peter Pan, and the unhappily married Felicia in *The Lady of La Paz*—each of these contrasted characters has helped to bring her, step by step, to the front rank of West End stage stars, while at the age of fourteen she made her screen debut in *Little Friend*. Up to the age of sixteen, even during the production of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, she had to continue her education at school; to which she returned, strangely enough, with no regrets, to pursue her favourite subjects, history and composition.

Her portrayal of Lady Jane Grey in *Tudor Rose* was one of the most moving performances of 1936, due partly to her conscientious study of the part, partly to her innate sense of drama.

In *A Shilling for Candles*, the new Hitchcock film, she is to play the adventure-loving daughter of a chief constable, who joins in the search for the murderer of a girl found dead at the foot of Beachy Head, a search against a background of provincial workhouses, Magistrate's courts, seaside hotels, country inns and rural police stations.

John Maxwell

JOHN MAXWELL head of the Associated British Group, is a Scot. Once a solicitor in Glasgow, theatre interests gradually involved him in other branches of film. Since 1927 he has achieved the most commanding position in the British film industry—a position which the hectic promotions of the past two years have consolidated rather than diminished. Maxwell has known how to wait. In the clatter and din of a year ago one hardly heard of B.I.P. To-day, established on the canniest of policies, it is one of the few solid edifices we have.

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People of the Studios (continued)

U.S.A. (contd.)

Having left M.G.M. eighteen months ago, David O. Selznick is now engaged on a colour film, *A Star is Born*, behind-the-scenes story of Hollywood, with his own production unit. Scheduled are Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind* and *The World's Our Oyster*. Actually period novels are his particular oyster: he did *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *Anna Karenina*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *David Copperfield*, and hopes to do *The Prisoner of Zenda*, with Ronald Colman.

Michael Arlen's *Cavalier of the Streets*, now in production at Pinewood for Paramount distribution, has Carl Harbord and Margaret Vyner in the cast.

Walt Disney is changing from Technicolor to Dunning Color, operated by Caroll Dunning. Dunning is equipping his plant with additional machinery in order to have a three-colour process, as is now used by Technicolor. The first cartoons will be in two colours until this is completed.

Victor Fleming supervised an important sea episode twenty miles away by means of short wave radio telephone the other day, while at the same time he continued directing inside shots. A telephone line was held open between the set and a transmitter on the Santa Monica pier. The microphone was held so that Fleming could hear the dialogue while he was directing Lionel Barrymore and Mickey Rooney.

A self-wiping wind-shield has been invented for use on ocean scenes. A disc of plate-glass about eight inches in diameter rotates before the camera lens by means of a motor. In this way, spray, waves and fog can never obstruct the lens.

R. C. Sheriff has been signed to the adaptation of *Three Comrades*, Remarque's latest novel. He will do most of the work in England. Sheriff came to fame with *Journey's End* and adapted *The Invisible Man* for the screen.

With a year of preparation behind them, the Marx Brothers are now working on their seventh comedy, *A Day at the Races*. The original basis for the picture was turned into a stage act and toured in America, two hundred sure laughs being tabulated in Harpo's notebook. Sam Wood, veteran director of Harold Lloyd comedies, is working with them.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are running a competition for the best amateur film, with a view to showing it at commercial cinemas. The contest arises from the success of the Pete Smith short *Wanted—A Master*, which was reproduced from a 16 mm. film originally submitted by two amateurs, Gunther von Fritsch and Arthur Ornitz, the first amateur effort ever to reach the professional screen.

Continental

Emil Jannings (nowadays known as "State Actor and Culture-Senator of the Reich") has just joined the administration of Tobis Films. He left for Italy with director Veit Harlan on January 30th to make exteriors at Pompeii for *Der Herrscher* (*The Ruler*), a film of the life of a great industrial leader who with Nazi magnificence makes over his properties to the State on his death.

Emil Jannings

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Luis Trenker recently returned to Berlin from Italy, where he shot exteriors for *Condottieri*, an Italian historical subject he is making for Tobis. Trenker will play in the film himself. His *Der Kaiser von Kalifornien* (*The Emperor of California*) was awarded the Mussolini Cup, it may be remembered, for the best foreign film of the year at the 1936 Film Art Exhibition at Venice.

* * *

Paula Wessely, under the direction of Carl Frohlich, is at present making *Die Ganzen Grossen Torheiten* (*Enormous Follies*) with Rudolph Forster as leading man.

* * *

There is a spate of versions of novels in production in France at the moment. Marcel Carné, former assistant of Jacques Feyder, wants to adapt Julian Green's *Leviathan* to the screen, but before doing so is to make *His First Offence*, from an English novel. Meanwhile Jean Benoit-Levy, whose *Hélène* was recently seen in this country, is soon to start on *La Mort du Cygne*, from a Paul Morand novel. Two novels of Colette have been bought for filming by a French company. Of similar interest is a version of Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance*, which Jean Choux is to make with Pierre Blanchard as Lord Illingworth.

La Marseillaise, Jean Renoir's film of the French Revolution, is to be made under the patronage of the Government, and will be financed by public subscription. A million and half of two franc shares are being issued, and everyone who pays his two francs will get a reduction on admission to see the film. Further the Government is giving 50,000 francs towards the estimated cost of two million francs.

This ambitious picture is to start with events a little before the Revolution and will end with Valmy; the storm of the Bastille will be omitted. Renoir is aiming to present the subject through the eyes of typical workmen during the Revolution. Famous authors are collaborating on the script, and the music will be specially composed by Milhaud, Ibert, Auric, Honegger and Kosma.

Renoir recently left for the Vosges to start shooting on his war film, *La Grande Illusion*. Erich von Stroheim and Dita Parlo are the featured players.

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Von Stroheim has just finished a spy film, *Marthe Richard*, directed by Raymond Bernard (who made *Les Croix de Bois*), in which he has the role of a German officer.

* * *

Out of the 65 full-length sound films to be produced in Russia in 1937, ten will be made by the Moscow Studios (Mosfilm), and fifteen by the Leningrad Studios (Lenfilm). Among the films to be produced by the latter are two on the subject of Pushkin, *The Youth of the Poet* and *The Journey to Erzerum*. Lenfilm will produce the last part of the trilogy *The Youth of Maxim*. Special interest attaches to the films *Peter I*, the scenario for which has been written by Alexei Tolstoy; *Pugachev*, a historical film dealing with the events of 1773-74; and *The Far East*, to be produced by G. and S. Vasilyev, the two producers who made *Chapayev*.

* * *

Jean Benoit-Levy's *Hélène* is a convincingly real picture, having an impressive heroine in Madeleine Renaud, and, an actor, in Jean Louis Barrault, who assumes, to the life, the personality he represents. They are members of a vigorous student-community, living amid classrooms and laboratories, where an unmistakably genuine spirit of frankness, freedom, and pluck, typical of most universities, prevails.

The story is mediocre and somewhat prolonged, however, and there are technical faults; but, enhanced by so much vitality, it succeeds where, the German film, *Hélène Willfuhr*, with less regard for truth, failed. It compares favourably, also, with Benoit-Levy's *Itto*, which could not survive the test of healthy interest, and even with *La Maternelle*, although the latter, with its simple, human element, made a wider appeal.

People of the Studios (continued)

Max Ophüls, famous for successful sentimental films such as *Liebelei* a few years ago and the recent Dutch picture shown at the Film Society, *La Tendre Ennemie*, is at present working on *Yoschivara*, a Japanese subject with Sessue Hayakawa, the celebrated star of silent days.

* * *

India has attracted Germany as well as England and America as a film subject: Richard Eichberg left last month to shoot exteriors for two films, *Das Indische Grabmal* and *Der Tiger von Eschnapur*. Thea von Harbou, who was responsible for many of Fritz Lang's scenarios, is responsible for the script of both pictures.

* * *

Dr. Ludwig Berger, famous director of the old German school of cinema, has left the historical novel which he has been busy writing for some time, to take up film work once more. He will direct a Dutch version of Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*.

For two years Berger has not been inside a film studio. His last work was for Paramount in Hollywood. There he directed *Sins of the Fathers*, with Emil Jannings and Ruth Chatterton.

There were plans for a Hollywood version of *Pygmalion* even at that time. Clara Bow was to have been cast as Eliza Dolittle, Berger directing. Unfortunately Shaw and Paramount could not agree and the picture was not made.

In the Dutch *Pygmalion* Berger is determined to keep untouched the translation of the original text.

* * *

The 40-hours work decree is going to be a difficulty to French studios. The two producers' organisations have buried their differences and are now working together as the "Confédération Générale de la Cinématographie" to find a solution to their difficulties.

* * *

An international Federation of Newsreel Cinematographers (Union Internationale de la Presse Filmée) has recently been formed. A.C.T. has affiliated through its Newsreel section and J. C. Gemmell, Newsreel Chairman, is its Committee representative. Other countries to signify their support include Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Poland, Greece and Palestine. The President is M. Henri Piron, President of the Association Belge de la Presse Filmée.

The principal object of the Federation is to safeguard the professional interests of all persons engaged in newsreel work. Questionnaires have been circulated to all supporting bodies to ascertain information on professional facilities, customs regulations and other matters. The replies will form the basis of a Report to be presented to a Conference which will be held in Paris about the middle of June and at which A.C.T. hopes to be represented.

JACQUES FEYDER

Interviewed for W.F.N

"PLEASE," HE SAID to me, "do not treat my words as though they had been spoken by the Archbishop of Canterbury. I do not want them to sound terribly important, or—" he made a gesture in the air—

"Pontifical?" I suggested.

"Exactly."

I was interviewing M. Jacques Feyder, director of *Atlantide*, *Thérèse Raquin*, and internationally famous *Kermesse Héroïque*, and the yet uncompleted *Knight without Armour*, starring Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich.

M. Feyder is a tall man, a trifle scholarly in appearance, with charming manners, and, like many notable film-directors, an air of distinction. But he possesses a quality which many notable film-directors seem to lack. That is enthusiasm. An honest, thoroughly temperamental enthusiasm which he expresses, according to caprice, in either English or French. At the same time, he has a sense of humour. Not that sort of slightly overrated "sense of humour," which often has to compensate for uninspired creation, but one that evidently permeates his whole philosophy.

"Will you give me your views on the future of British Films?" I asked him. This is the sort of question that is immediately open to every variety of evasion, sarcasm, verbosity, persiflage, or mere plain rudeness. I watched M. Feyder warily. Was he going to show me to the door? I was relieved to see him smiling.

"It's rather a difficult question," he answered.

"It's an important one," I said.

Suddenly, he started to talk. He spoke with the most gratifying conviction I could ever have wished for.

"I think this about English films. It is only lately that the English film industry has been taken seriously. And it is worth being taken seriously." He hit his hand on the table.

"But what impedes it?" he continued. "It is the desire to copy America. The American convention limits the expansion of the English films. Naturally, America had to be the nursemaid for a long time. Its technique is invaluable. But this dependence on a foreign style has eventually stunted its growth.

"The point is this," he emphasised. "America, which is the biggest market for England, doesn't want imitations of its own products. It can do that sort of thing far better. What it wants from England are absolutely English films."

He was thoroughly worked up.

"What pleases everybody?" he asked. "Is it the film that aims to please, that 'studies' markets? No. It is only the purely national film that is completely international. The English film has got to become, in my opinion, an expression of England as only the English can know it or create it. The English earth, the English sky, the English roads, the manners, the traditions, the idiosyncrasies, the *climate*. That is what they want to see in America.

"In short, English films about England made by English people. That is the ideal. No more foreign styles, no more foreign technicians, no more foreign film-craftsmen, no more foreign film-directors." He looked me in the eye. "That means me," he added in English, brightly.

"What do you think of English film-directors?" I asked.

"A funny thing," said M. Feyder, obviously choosing his words, "but it seems to me . . . they really rather despise the cinema . . . a pity. In a way, I admire their loyalty to the stage, to a tradition. But from a film point of view that sort of attitude is extremely disappointing."

"What have been your experiences in making *Knight Without Armour?*"

He shrugged his shoulders. "A certain difficulty with crowds. I am always very careful about crowds, about my background. Those are, of course, tremendously important. In this picture, which deals with Russia, I had a hard time finding types who didn't look as if they spent most of their time in Piccadilly."

M. Feyder plans to make a series of films, French and German versions, in either Paris or Berlin. For Tobis he will commence about June and end in September.

"Will you come back to England?" I asked.

"Perhaps," he answered. "Perhaps." He shook hands. "Remember," he repeated, "I do not speak as the Archbishop."

CORRESPONDENCE

Anniversary Greetings

Sincere congratulations and a long life.
—Alistair Cooke
(*B.B.C. Cinema Critic*)

* * *

Hearty congratulations on first anniversary: heartiest congratulations on "Review of Reviews": so soothing to find such diversity amongst the experts.
—Christian Mellor (London Film Critic, *Sunday Sun*)

* * *

Although we sometimes grumble that you confuse the World with Wardour Street we find you indispensable. Many snappy returns.
—"Frank Evans"
(*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*)

* * *

On first anniversary wish to congratulate W.F.N. on excellent material valuable to all cine fans, technicians and critics, and hope standard set first year will be sustained for many years. Appeal to intelligent readers of W.F.N. is greatest advertisement it could have. The only thing I want to see is more about Scotland, Scots players, directors or technicians, if possible.
—Clyde Irvine (*The Sunday Mail*, Glasgow)

* * *

Amid the labyrinth of celluloid and its crowd of attendant jays, WORLD FILM NEWS is guide, philosopher and friend. The working journalist who ignores it acts foolishly, the film society member who does not follow its focusing on salient points should abandon his Sunday evening pretence, and the comfortable fan, of whom there are millions, in overlooking it on the bookstalls does not know when a shilling is well spent. Now that it is weaned, may it advance in strength and purpose, but always with wit and intelligence, never with that Pecksniffian air which tends to play attendance upon high-souled action.

It may be an unnecessary luxury on an onlooker's part to hand over memoranda. But these things have struck me recently: the misuse of the close-up in musicals, whereby one seems to look at a singer's dentures and gullet with a dentist's vision, and, in film criticism, the failure to convey the fact that a film is a thing seen, that to tell the story or to talk ever so expertly about camera tricks without at least hinting at how the language of images is used in a particular shot or sequence of shots, is to talk round and over the subject and take a plunge ultimately for the gossip columns. These are only two among many points the smiths of WORLD FILM NEWS could lay upon their anvils. Continued watch and war upon the policy of certain newsreels is still needed. The lion, for example, will growl and introduce a maximum of royalty and bayonets and a minimum of the life of the people. And to conclude: the people's cinema should ever be the object of WORLD FILM NEWS bounty and care. To concentrate upon the needs of the societies and experts alone would savour of the ivory tower.
—William Jeffrey (*The Glasgow Herald*)

* * *

I wish every success to WORLD FILM NEWS in its second year. It has become recognised as the organ of the creative side of cinema and carries its responsibility bravely. I hope it will continue to encourage those who make real films and guide those who wish to see them.

I would like to see the paper express its point of view more often in the review section; and in the reviews of foreign films, full production details would be valuable.
—H. Forsyth Hardy (*The Scotsman*)

* * *

An Extra's Complaint

A layman reading Miss Holloway's article, "Kings for a Day," in W.F.N.'s February issue, would assume, and quite rightly, that the average film-extra was some crank or human flotsman—a former doctor, boxer, clergyman, elephant-hunter, war-correspondent, trapper, and so on—attracted by the childish love of dressing up and not because of ambition or the occasional guinea a day. This is emphatically not so. Admittedly there are a good many of these cranks who find their way into the studios, but that is because they find their way almost everywhere else, and they soon find their way out again. But the average film-extra is not at all attracted by the so-called glamour of the studios or by the desire to dress up and be a king or queen or whatever it is for a day. That is just silly. The thing that is of paramount importance to any film-extra worthy of the name is the guinea a day.

Does Miss Holloway know that there are about five thousand film-extras tramping the West End agents day in and day out on the off-chance of a call coming through from the studios? If she does she makes no reference to it. Can she imagine the heartbreak of it all, particularly on an empty stomach? Has Miss Holloway been present at a scramble for jobs in the waiting-room of an agent when a call from a studio has come through at last? If she hasn't then she ought to make it her business to, and she would see at once that it is the guinea a day and not the king for a day that is the incentive. Such desperation comes from the need for food and not for the desire to dress up.

There are over 4,000 film extras registered at the Film Artists' Association, all of whom have had to prove professional stage experience before being admitted. Now can you imagine any actor being content to remain in the crowd and not having hopes of being spotted by a producer and given a part? There are hundreds of young actors and actresses brimful of ambition despite all the setbacks and discouragements. Whether they have any chance of rising beyond the crowd into the celestial regions is another matter; the point is there is lots of ambition in the ranks of the extras, and it is that plus the guinea a day that attracts the younger people.
—L. Gade

* * *

Choice of Films for Societies

I should be very obliged if you could give me some information as to the purpose and *modus operandi* of the Film Society. In the first place it would be of some interest to know whether the object of the society is to amuse or uplift. There seems to be a considerable difference of opinion amongst members (and ex-members) on this. I was recently severly rebuked for entering a film society programme with the same spirit of levity that is apparently quite correct for performances at the same theatre after 6 p.m. on Sundays.

As a corollary of the above question, one may ask on what basis are films selected. Does rarity play any part in the choice? For example does a bad Japanese film stand a better chance of selection than a good American film on the ground that Japanese films are of sufficient interest to be shown apart from merit? Further one would like to know how many people actually see a film before it is chosen; is there a minimum number who must have seen it before selection, or can one man choose the main feature? Some years ago I saw two films in Paris, one German, the other Russian which I suggested for exhibition; to the best of my knowledge they were never considered. I was told privately that a member of the committee has seen them and did not approve of them and therefore the matter was dropped. It would be interesting to know if this is the usual practice or whether this case was exceptional.

Lastly many people have wondered why good American films are not sometimes revived instead of the presentation of some European mediocrity. This applies to full length films and short comedies such as those of Harry Langdon, Keaton, Larry Semon, etc. Is the reason technical or aesthetic?

May I add that the above questions have been asked by numerous people interested in the Cinema and although the answers to some of the them are doubtless common knowledge to many of your readers there is widespread ignorance on most of the points.
—P. A. Gorer

Correspondence (continued)

History of the Movies

With reference to Marie Seton's interesting article on "How Movies Began," she states that the first of "trope and scope" optical toys was Dr. Paris's Traumatrope. Did Dr. Paris's mechanism precede Sir John Herschell's Thaumotrope which he demonstrated in 1826?

Although Daguerre and Niepce preceded Fox Talbot in the "completion" of the invention of photography by about four years, his research and discovery was independent of the two Frenchmen and it is interesting to note that Fox Talbot was apparently unaware of Wedgwood's reproductions of paintings on glass and impressions of natural objects by the agency of light thirty years before. In his complete specification for his patent of 1804, Fox Talbot maintained that he was able to make photographs move and thus reproduce life-like action, but he was forced to abandon this part of his claim.

Regarding Miss Seton's statement that the Hyatt brothers, of New Jersey, discovered celluloid in 1869, Parks, of Birmingham was the first to make celluloid in 1855, which was made in an improved form in 1868 by another Englishman, D. Spill. The Hyatts' valuable contribution in the following year was the *use* of celluloid as a flexible support to negatives.

Since I seem to have embarked upon a crusade on behalf of English inventors, I might mention that the romantic sounding Eadweard Muybridge, of California, U.S.A., was originally Edward Muggeridge, of Kingston, England; and as for the Lumière's first exhibition of films in 1896, Friese Greene demonstrated his moving pictures to the Photographic Society of Great Britain in 1885 and two years later he was giving regular exhibitions in London of what was the first practical patent for films as we know them (No. 10131, June 1889).

Adrian Brunel.

Marie Seton replies to Robb Lawson's article in World Film News (February)

It seems obvious that a 1,000-word article will not contain as detailed information as a treatise taking 30 years to compile. I would suggest that if Mr. Lawson had re-read my last paragraph, he would have seen that my article surveyed the history of the cinema from a commercial rather than a scientific angle. A short history of flying would report the experiments of da Vinci and Handley Page in preference to repeating anecdotes of Siberian peasants constructing feather wings for themselves. I, therefore, selected those people and dates which advanced the film upon its commercial route. My authorities were as follows:—*Histoire du Cinématographe* by G. Michel Coissac, *Motion Picture Cameraman* by Lutz; and an article, *The Film as a Recording Medium*, by Stanley W. Bowler, appearing in the 1936 British Journal Photographic Almanac. These sources of information are available to all.

Mr. Lawson, it appears, bases his contentions upon material obtained from an unpublished work which has not been available for critical examination.

Regarding the dates of the Lumière demonstrations, '96 is a misprint: It should read '95. I chose this date, 22nd March, 1895, as the day on which the Lumière experiments were transformed into an investment capable of producing tangible returns; for it was demonstrated to the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry at 42, rue de Rennes, Paris.

Dr. Paris commercialised the Traumatoscope.

There are a number of towns called Bristol in the U.S.A.

The experiments of Alexander Parkes did not emerge from the experimental stage; the Hyatt's did.

Goodwin's patents were sold to the Ansco Company who finally won a lawsuit against Eastman Kodak; but it still remains a fact that it was Eastman who produced a commercial celluloid cinematographic film.

In the matter of pioneer work, in photography and cinematography, most impartial authorities seem strangely biased in favour either of their own theories, or their own countrymen.

It is interesting to note then that Dr. C. E. K. Mees (American, Eastman Kodak), gives credit to Neipce and Daguerre (French) for practical photography in 1839 (Niepce, senior, died, however, in 1833), but points out that it is to Fox Talbot's (English) first work in 1835, and then subsequent to that, that the true photographic negative and positive processes should be attributed. Robert W. Paul (English) gives credit to Louis Lumière (French) for the fact that although they both showed moving pictures—a true paying public cinematograph performance—in London on the same day, Lumière's pictures were the steadier of the two.

Marie Seton.

* * *

Indian Films—Moslem reply

In the December issue of WORLD FILM NEWS Ram. L. Gogtay, editor of an Indian film paper, gave a survey of the film in India and in his article accused the Mohammedans of apathy as far as film production is concerned. In describing their attitude he cited a case of the showing of an historical play when Mohammedans took such deep offence at the presentation that they rushed "with butchers' knives on the stage."

Comments on this article have been received from Sheikh Iftekhar Rasool who has been an actor and producer of Indian films and who at one time worked in England.

He says:

"Until recently most of the films produced by the so-called literate producers were sometimes scandalously immoral and parents would not permit even their college-going sons to go to the pictures.

"In order to understand the Mohammedan attitude to films one must remember the part that religion plays in their lives. Even to-day you will not find a Moslem running a wine shop, nor do you find him financing film ventures. These things are considered immoral.

"Now the situation regarding films has changed, for some of the better-class companies have been producing films of educational value and Mohammedans are beginning to consider the industry with more favour. To-day they are producing pictures which have proved both popular and profitable. The financiers and a few directors may be Hindus but the majority of the story writers, actors and actresses are Moslems.

"It must be remembered that the film industry in India is of recent growth. It is a major industry in which 11 crores of rupees have been invested and which gives employment to 25,000 people.

Sheikh Iftekhar Rasool.

"Among the most serious drawbacks of the industry is lack of finance. In India there is not a single instance of any bank having financed a producer even at an abnormal rate of interest.

"The progress of any big industry largely depends on the support and encouragement received from the Government and the public. Although the industry in India has shown progress in the past few years it is still hampered by several factors which are like a dead weight on the industry.

"Among the chief obstacles to growth are mass illiteracy and language difficulties.

"Government assistance on the matters of import duty, censorship and foreign competition has been asked in a number of suggestions made at the recent All-India Motion Picture Convention."

Dealing with the "Butchers' knives" incident reported by Ram Gogtay, Rasool writes: "To a Moslem his King is the shadow of God on Earth. The play to which objection was taken depicted the alleged love of Zebunnisa, daughter of one of the mightiest Moghul Emperors, for Sivja, a petty Manratte hill chieftain. To Moslems this was an insult.

"Butchers' knives had an instantaneous effect, for the Government intervened and the producers were compelled to transform the role of Zebunnisa into a Hindu princess."

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Actors don't Count

says Fritz Kortner, star of "ABDUL THE DAMNED"

AROUND THE HUGE horse-shoe table of the Disarmament Conference, diplomats (extras) sat and lolled, reading, sleeping, gossiping.

In the adjoining lobby, Sinclair Hill cheerfully decided on "Take 14."

Charles Farrell chewed gum—slewed his hat a little more to one side. Margaret Vyner put a new pair of lips (synthetic) on her own.

Round the waste spaces of the studio Fritz Kortner paced with an introspective air. No one took much notice of him.

Some stars surround themselves with glamour. They cannot even refurbish their make-up, or glance over the script without an attendant group of yes-men and an aura of self-importance. They dare not talk without a sidelong look at their press agent whose sinister influence dominates each waking moment, which accounts possibly for the fact that so many stars marry their managers.

But Fritz Kortner does not believe in glamour. He does not believe in publicity. And, in his own words—words that only an actor as good as he would have dared to use, "the actor doesn't count."

"Believe me, my friend," he told me earnestly, "it is the story that counts. Not what you call the plot. But the story in its final version—the final shooting script, that is what makes a picture. Actors don't count."

Mr. Kortner paused. It is a habit of his. Keen-witted, he takes time before he speaks. He says something and then stops. You ask him a question. There is a Macready pause. Mr. Kortner weighs up the matter, trivial or important. Then, suddenly, he shoots out his lower lip and speaks in that fascinating accent which he deplores.

"My little girl," he tells you proudly, "speaks English with no accent at all."

"So it's the story that is all important, not the director?" I asked.

Pause, lips shoot out.

"The Director—yes. Very important, too. But he is partly responsible for the last shooting script, the story.

"The writer's share is not so great. The actor——" he shrugged.

"Listen, my friend, a good director can make a second-rate actor appear first-rate. But a bad director will spoil a great performance.

"Do you think every Hollywood star is really so magnificent?" Kortner wagged his head. "It's the director who gives the illusion of great acting.

"And the American scripts—ah, my friend, they are so different from the English ones. Take the same story—if you like, the same 'plot'—and put an English and an American shooting script side by side, and you would see the difference."

FRITZ KORTNER—Recent films have included *Abdul the Damned* and *The Crouching Beast*. First made his name in the famous German production of *The Brothers Karamazov* with Anna Sten, in which he played Dmitri. Has a strong preference for psychological parts of this kind, but finds English producers unsympathetic.

British actors, Hollywood scripts and Continental directors, that is Mr. Kortner's recipe for success in "British" films.

"You have some wonderful artists in Britain," he told me, "the older actors and actresses in particular." He agreed with me that we lacked with a few exceptions, good juveniles of both sexes.

But Mr. Kortner doesn't crab his fellow craftsmen. And he told me with an unmistakable sincerity of his admiration for Sinclair Hill's work.

"Mr. Hill senses at once when a line or a situation is wrong. You see, the part and the actor must meet, interlock. There must be no gap, no breathing space between the actor and the character he is playing. He must feel it. Mr. Hill always knows when the actor and the part don't meet."

"And there you are," a smile flashed across his face as he spread his hands, "the story, final version. All important, eh!

"The same on the stage. Take the classics—Shakespeare. I failed as Macbeth."

I laughed deprecatingly, "What do you mean, failed?"

"I failed. I was no good. And after all, I am an actor. I can give a performance whether a part suits me or not. But have you ever heard of a great Macbeth?"

Pause, then the lower lip shot out again. "No. A great Hamlet, a great Shylock, a great Rosalind, a great Lear, if you like. But Macbeth? No."

"Why?" Another pause, then slowly. "Because there is something wrong with the story."

"With the—shooting script?"

Kortner grinned. "With the story—what *I* mean by the story," he answered.

"So you don't believe in the star system?"

"No!" He rapped out the monosyllable sharply. "I believe in a good picture, and——" he tapped me with his forefinger, "you can have a picture which will appeal to all classes, highbrow and lowbrow, but only if the story is good."

I protested. "Some of the stories of the best films are so bad," I said.

Kortner frowned. "We are talking at cross purposes," he said. "What is the story? The final version."

I began to see what he meant.

"So well-treated Garvice is better than badly treated Strindberg?" I suggested.

Kortner smiled. "If you like."

As we strolled across to the comfortable Club restaurant at Pinewood, I asked Kortner his plans. He may go on the stage here. He is, of course well known on the Continent for stage as well as film work. Silent pictures, too.

"But I'm not so old as all that," he said, pointing to the grey hair he assumes for *Midnight Special*. "That's make-up."

"I thought you were a veteran," I said.

Kortner laughed. "Twenty-three years on the stage—perhaps I am. I'm forty," he said.

"Do you want to go to Hollywood?" I asked.

He considered this. "Yes," he said, after a moment, with decision. "Yes, I would like to go."

"For the—er—stories?"

Fritz Kortner smiled as he studied the menu with Viennese appreciation for good food.

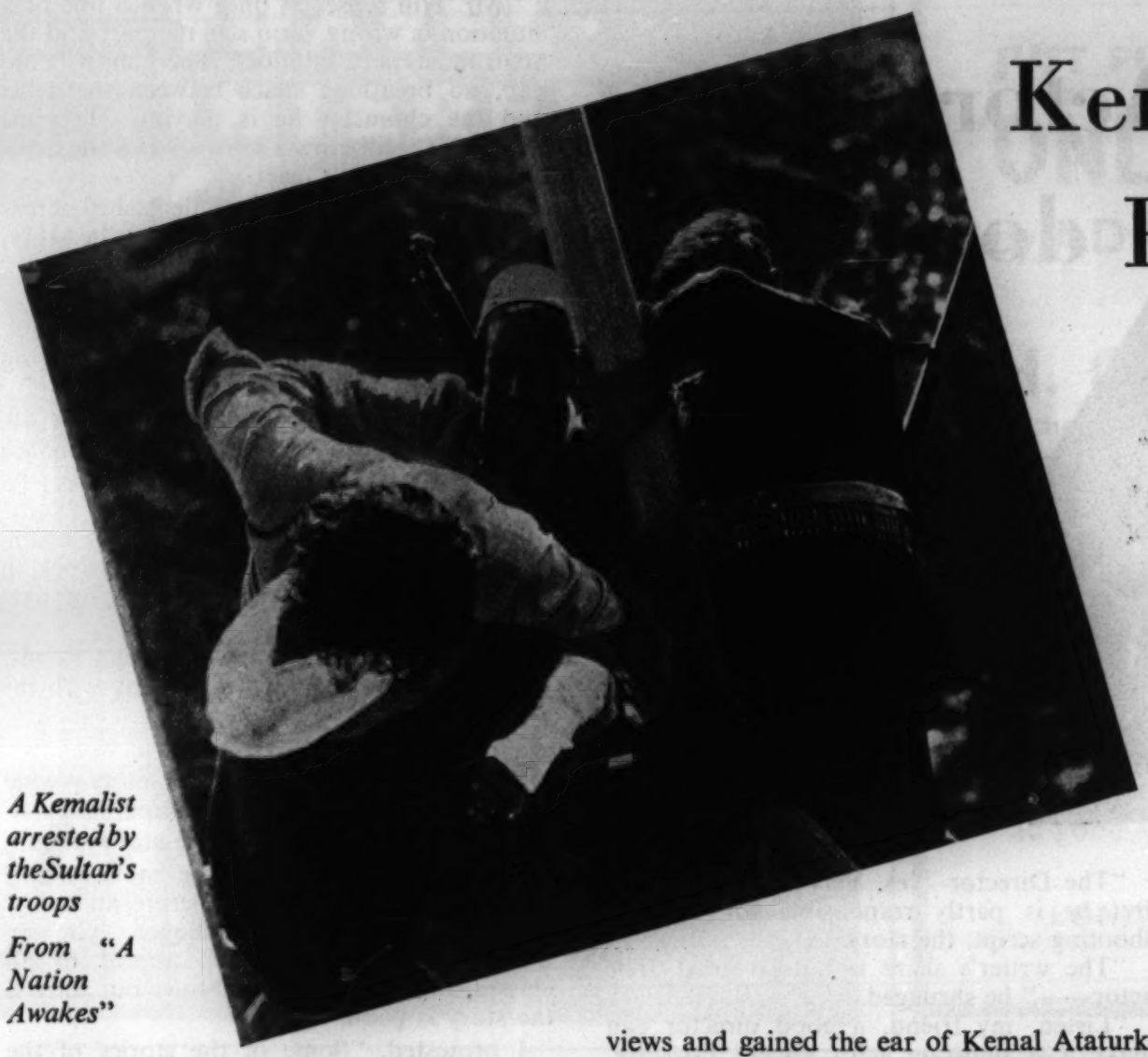
"All right," I apologised, "we won't talk shop any more."

Viennese Kortner shrugged. "Let us talk shop, once more, anyway," he said. "Please remember, when you write your article, first, the story—then, the director—and then—" long pause——and Mr. Kortner made it—"the actor."

DENIS MYERS.

Kemal Ataturk Patron of Cinema

But high purposes did not last long, Champagne Parties and plenty of bed and bath scenes are Turkey's delight.



A Kemalist arrested by theSultan's troops

From "A Nation Awakes"

BEFORE the advent of Kemal Ataturk every important industry in Turkey was in the hands of foreigners who had obtained by fair means or foul concessions from the tottering "Sick Man of Europe." The introduction of films to Turkey was a speculation on the part of the French and they opened the first cinema in 1903 on the Golden Horn. Immediately this strange Western novelty attracted enormous crowds; but it was an audience which very quickly formed definite opinions of its own. The Turks who went to the cinema would not suffer instructional films and they were strongly prejudiced against religious subjects. The life of Moses was banned, and a theatre in Smyrna was closed for three days because the management was rash enough to show an Arab wedding.

Highbrows and Urchins

The products of Hollywood became exceedingly popular, with the result that even to-day there exists a cut-throat competition between the American production companies who succeed in filling a large number of Turkish cinemas with their old films. In 1933 *The Thief of Bagdad* was still drawing large houses; while, across the road, *Drei Groschen Oper* was playing to a few highbrow Turkish ladies and a great many street urchins.

The most successful Turks in the film business were nine brothers, the first part of whose unpronounceable name is Ipek. At one time or another they had represented most of the big American companies. When nationalism became a popular, if not a necessary, creed, the brothers Ipek voiced their views and gained the ear of Kemal Ataturk, then Kemal Pasha, or Ghazi—the Conqueror. That was in 1930. They received a subsidy from Kemal and built the first studio in the Near East which now bears the name of Ipek. The studio, though small, is excellently equipped, and employs a number of German sound technicians.

A Nation Awakes

Before the idea of Turkish national films had materialised, several Turks had gone abroad to study cinemas. Some went to Hollywood as critics; while one, Ertogrül Mühsin, went to work first in a Paris studio, later in Berlin, and finally in Moscow. Mühsin felt that the experiments of Eisenstein and Pudovkin had great possibilities; Kemel Pasha agreed with him, and when the Ipek studio was finished, Ertogrül Mühsin proved to be the first and most successful director.

Since the Turkish cinema owed its life to Kemal, the work of Kemal in the military and political field was its first concern. Although Kemal does not appear in person in the film *A Nation Awakes*, the awakening of the nation is clearly due to his overthrow of the Sultan and the defeat of the British. This historical-educational-propaganda film is by no means a crude glorification of a nationalist dictator. It is an interesting, if somewhat incomplete, picture of a revolution of political and psychological ideas. It is a Turkish *End of St. Petersburg* minus the genius of Pudovkin. The vitality in this picture, which because of its anti-British point of view will not be sent to England, suggested that Turkey could contribute something to the cinema in general. Unfortunately, Kemal has not been able to change the Turks' dislike for instructional films. *A Nation Awakes* was thus the one and only picture of its kind.

After *A Nation Awakes* the whole policy of the Ipek Film Company changed. It was going to educate, but in a different way—through the frothiest comedies and operettas. The company decided to teach the Turks in the interior the importance of slim bathing belles, well-dressed young women and the charms of fair men (many Turks are as fair as Scandinavians). In order to do this Mühsin made three light entertainments complete with beauty choruses, champagne parties and plenty of bed and bath scenes. They are *If My Wife should Cheat Me*, in which there is a funny man in a panama hat and an excellent slow-motion sequence of diving; *My Darling Hairdresser*, which contains everything that the title implies, and *As God is One my Word is One*, where the heroine spends a great deal of time in her cami-knickers while the hero falls asleep in the bath. All these three films are quite amusing and adequately directed.

Best of both worlds ?

But Mühsin does not wish to make light comedies; his interest lies in the Turkish peasant. In 1935 he formed a company of his own and made a film, *A Woman from the Mountains*, which from the stills is interesting in spite of a suggestion that it strives after the picturesque rather than authentic documentary material. This film is probably a compromise between *A Nation Awakes* and the Hollywoodised entertainments of the fashionable rather than educational type.

by Marie Seton

'Westerns' from the Empire?

By Ida McAulay

(W.F.N.'s Australian Correspondent)

Australia's new film policy calls for the production of a number of outdoor pictures, among which will be "bush" subjects. Arrangements have already been made for exhibition in England.

SINCE my last article was written Stuart Doyle, managing director of Cinesound Ltd., has announced his company's future policy, which is based largely upon the result of reports brought back by him after his recent visit to England and America.

In spite of the opinion of his directors that quota legislation in Australia has failed to achieve its purpose, this company intends to embark upon a system of intensive and continuous production.

The Australian Quota Act came into effect in July 1936. This ensures that for 1936 at least 4 per cent of the film footage shown by an exhibitor must be Australian. The Quota Bill also provides that the percentage of Australian films shall be increased each year for five years until 12 per cent is reached. This means that about sixty Australian pictures of more than five thousand feet will have to be produced each year if the quota is to be reached. A few films that were made in Australia in 1935 have been included in the quota which means that the expansion of production need not exceed the capacity of present studios to make good films, so that the evil known as the "quota quickie" should not make its appearance in Australia.

It is not quite clear why the directors of Cinesound consider the quota legislation already to be a failure, but they have made the following statement, that they "feel the responsibility of Cinesound, as the pioneer organisation to continue production of Australian pictures on a permanent basis, quite independent of quota. Cinesound is determined to continue rather than see this great national enterprise fail."

In pursuance of this policy the company intends to produce between five and six feature productions annually for Australian and world distribution, and next year the company intends to introduce a second unit for the production of outdoor pictures. Cinesound Reviews will be produced annually, and items of international interest will be taken by the company under contract with the Pathé Gazette of London, the UFA Film Trust in Germany, Pathé Frères in Paris, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the United States. Cinesound also hopes to become the training ground of actors and actresses of world standing, and will, from time to time, arrange for their own stars to appear in films made overseas. When necessary this company will import stars for special roles, and for that purpose an organisation has been set up in Hollywood and London.

Stuart Doyle has established a definite market in England for Cinesound Pictures, and it is expected that 40 per cent of production costs will be returned from that country.

Cinesound's 1936–37 schedule of production includes:

Orphan of the Wilderness, with an all-Australian cast, directed by Ken Hall, and featuring "Chut," the boxing kangaroo. This picture was completed and released at Christmas in Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne.

It Isn't Done, a modern comedy-romance, directed by Ken Hall, partly produced in England, and partly in Sydney. The cast of this play includes Shirley Ann Richards, a young Australian actress.

Tall Timber, from an original screen play by Captain Frank Hurley, which started production on January 1st, for release at Easter.

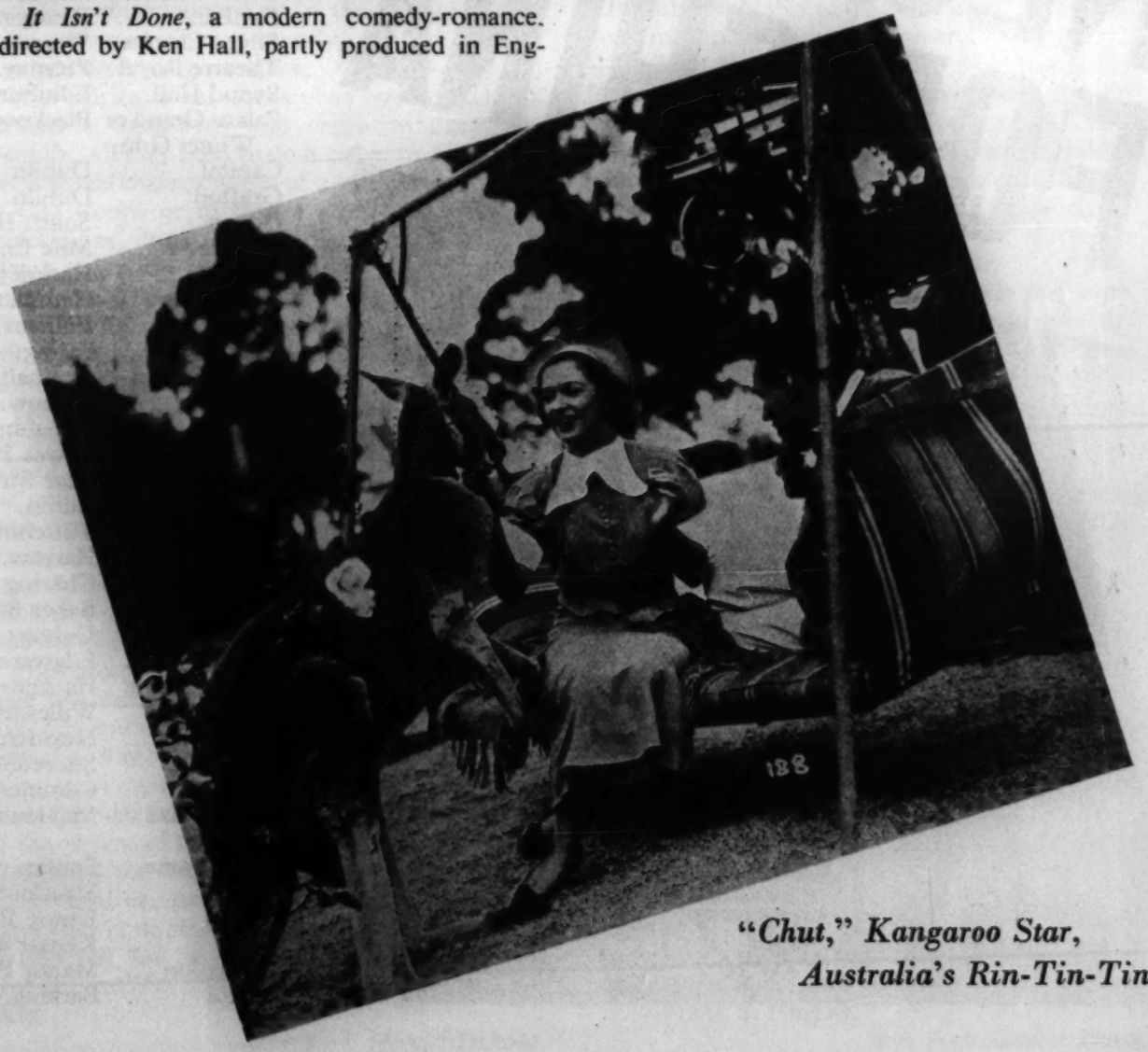
Rolf Bolderwood's *Robbery Under Arms*, with an imported star.

Pearl of Great Price, a story of the pearling industry.

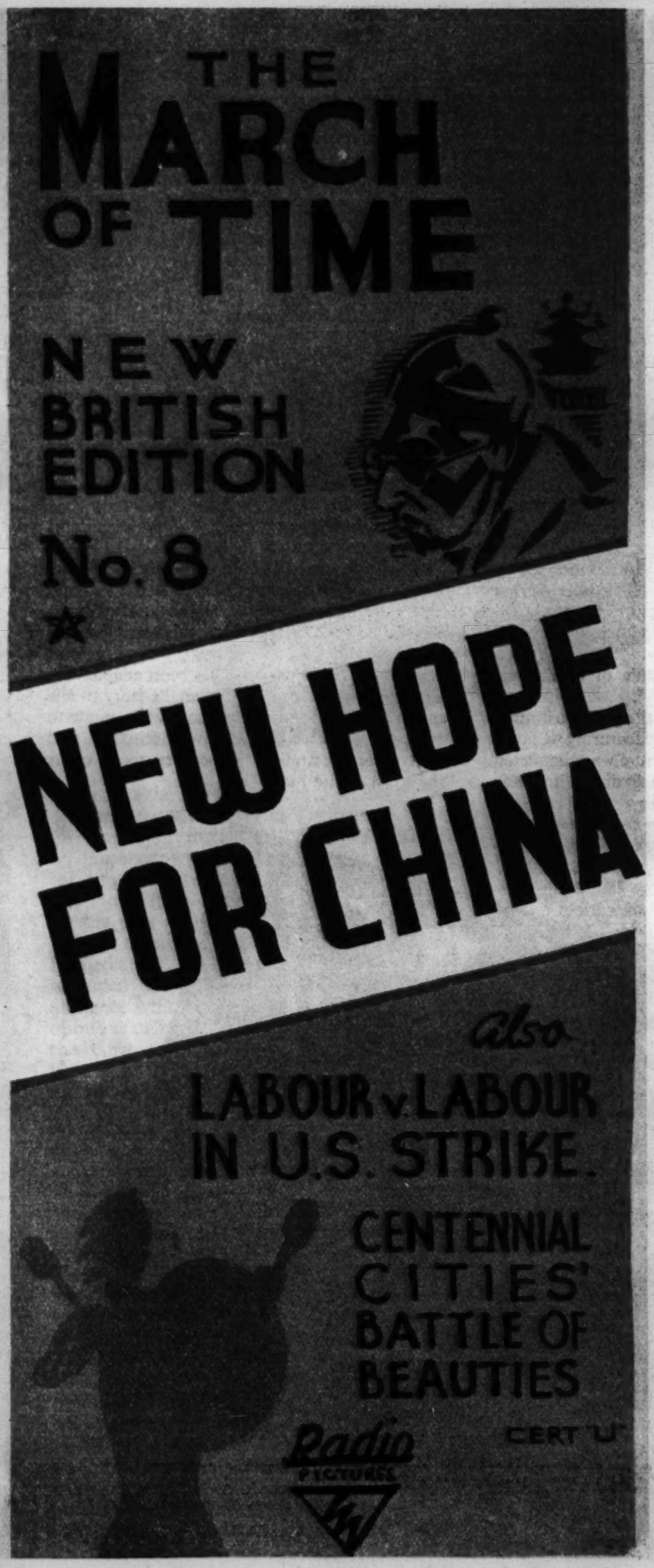
And *Yellow Sands*, a story of Australian sport and manhood.

The company will continue producing its pictures of Australian industries, activities and scenery which has been formerly, and will continue to be the work of Captain Frank Hurley and his unit.

Orphan of the Wilderness has been adapted for the screen from Dorothy Cotterell's story of the same name. This authoress manages to put into her books some of that elusive fascination and beauty that Australians sometimes speak of as "the spirit of the bush."



"Chut," Kangaroo Star, Australia's Rin-Tin-Tin



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Theatre Royal	Preston.
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Palace Grand or Winter Gdn.	Blackpool.
Capitol ...	Dublin.
Grafton ...	Dublin.
Odeon ...	South Harrow.
Empire ...	Mile End.
Empress ...	Hackney.
Commodore	Hammersmith.
Forum ...	Fulham Road.
Forum ...	Ealing.
Dominion ...	Southall.
Embassy ...	Harrow.
Carlton ...	Winchmore Hill.
Ritz	Bowes Park.
Cameo ...	Bear Street.
Alma or Empire	Luton.
Bruce Grove	Tottenham.
Coliseum ...	Harrow.
Tatler ...	Charing Cross Road.
Tussauds ...	Baker Street.
Lido ...	Golders Green.
Ritz	Edgware
South Cinema	Hackney.
Hippodrome	Willesden.
Ritz	Neasden.
Olympia ...	Shoreditch.
Palaceum ...	Commercial Road.
Rialto, Plaza or Ritz	Maidenhead.
Hippodrome	Poplar.
Rex	Stratford.
Carlton ...	Upton Park.
Palace ...	Kensal Rise.
Coronation ...	Manor Park.
Capitol ...	Barking.

CINEMA.	PLACE
Princess ...	Dagenham.
Blue Hall ...	Edgware Road.
Dominion ...	Walthamstow.
Queens ...	Bayswater.
Regal ...	Uxbridge.
Majestic ...	Woodford.
Ritz	Harringay.
Savoy ...	Acton.
Savoy ...	Enfield.
Curzon ...	Mayfair.
Tatler ...	Liverpool.
Kings ...	Liverpool.
Princes ...	Liverpool.
Empire ...	Chatham.
Ritz Central or Palace	Maidstone.
Pavilion ...	Cork.
Grand Central	Dublin.
Majestic, Regal Super or Plaza	Gravesend.
Victoria ...	Cambridge.
Hippodrome	Rotherhithe.
Palace ...	Camberwell.
Playhouse ...	Balham.
Mayfair ...	Tooting.
Majestic ...	Mitcham.
Savoy ...	Croydon.
Hippodrome	Croydon.
Regal ...	Purley.
Majestic or St. James	Kings Lynn.
Savoy ...	Wandsworth.
Prince of Wales	Lewisham.
Capitol ...	Forest Hill.
Capitol ...	Blackheath.
Theatre ...	Elephant & Castle.
Hippodrome	Putney.
Savoy ...	Teddington.
Trocadero ...	Southport.
Wembley Hall Cinema	Wembley.
Odeon ...	Wimbledon.
Odeon ...	Barnet.
Hippodrome or Empire	Greenwich.
Odeon ...	Haverstock Hill.
State & Rialto	Dartford.
Odeon ...	Finchley.
Dominion ...	Hounslow.
Cranstons ...	Glasgow.
Hippodrome	Belfast.
Odeon ...	Derby.
Palace ...	Leicester.
Theatre Royal	Bradford.
Pioneer ...	Dewsbury.
Theatre Royal	Halifax.
Hippodrome	Sheffield.
Princes ...	Portsmouth.
Tivoli or Troxy	Portsmouth.
Cinema ...	Aberdare.
Radio Centre	East Grinstead.
Exchange ...	Lincoln.
Regal ...	Watford.
Odeon ...	Chingford.
Ritz	Doncaster.
Dorchester ...	Hull.
Majestic ...	West Hartlepool.
Elite	Middlesbrough.

LEADING COUNSEL

Tolstoy on the Cinema

ALTHOUGH TOLSTOY'S "ANNA KARENINA" is one of the four or five novels that have been made into moving pictures more often than any others, the sage of Yasnaya Polyana never had to go through the torture that is scenario writing in Hollywood. But Leo Tolstoy had his own troubles with the movies, nevertheless.

All through the last years of his life, when his writings and philosophy were revered the world over, Tolstoy was bothered by an unceasing flow of visitors, who questioned him on all sorts of things, from literature to vegetarianism. And, on the eve of his eightieth birthday, in August, 1908, the motion picture cameramen flocked into his home for a few historic shots.

Said Tolstoy on that occasion to his friend, I. Teneromo, and the visitors: "You will see that this little clicking contraption with the revolving handle will make a revolution in our life—in the life of writers. It is a direct attack on the old method of literary art. We shall have to adapt ourselves to the shadowy screen and to the cold machine. A new form of writing will be necessary. I have thought of that and I can feel what is coming.

"But I rather like it. This swift change of scene, this blending of emotion and experience—it is much better than the heavy, long drawn-out kind of writing to which we are accustomed. It is closer to life. In life, too, changes and transitions flash by before our eyes, and emotions of the soul are like a hurricane. The cinema has divined the mystery of motion. And that is greatness.

"When I was writing 'The Living Corpse,' I tore my hair and chewed my fingers because I could not give enough scenes, enough pictures, because I could not pass rapidly enough from one event to another. The accursed stage was like a halter choking the throat of the dramatist; and I had to cut the life and swing of the work according to the dimensions and requirements of the stage. I remember when I was told that some clever person had devised a scheme for a revolving stage, on which a number of scenes could be prepared in advance. I rejoiced like a child, and allowed myself to write ten scenes into my play. Even then I was afraid the play would be killed.

"But the films! They are wonderful! Drr! and a scene is ready! Drr! and we have another! We have the sea, the coast, the city, the palace—and in the palace there is tragedy (there is always tragedy in palaces, as we see in Shakespeare).

"I am seriously thinking of writing a play for the screen. I have a subject for it. It is a terrible and bloody theme. I am not afraid of bloody themes. Take Homer or the Bible, for instance. How many bloodthirsty passages there are in them—murders, wars. And yet these are the sacred books, and they ennoble and uplift the people. It is not the subject itself that is so terrible. It is the propagation of bloodshed, and the justification for it, that is really terrible! Some friends of mine returned from Kursk recently and told me a shocking incident. It is a story for the films. You couldn't write it in fiction or for the stage. But on the screen it would be good. Listen—it may turn out to be a powerful thing."

And Leo Tolstoy related the story in detail. He was deeply agitated as he spoke. But he never developed the theme in writing. Tolstoy was always like that. When he was inspired by a story he had been thinking of, he would become excited by its possibilities. If someone happened to be near by, he would unfold the plot in all its details. Then he would forget all about it. Once the gestation was over and his brain-child born, Tolstoy would seldom bother to write about it.

—David Bernstein, *New York Sunday Times*

An Explosive Formula

LOCALE HAS BECOME a prime factor in screen drama: a basic ingredient of the production formula. Once a Greek chorus found it possible to evoke heroic drama on bare platforms, and even the Elizabethan stage permitted draperies to lapse when the scene shifted from palace to hovel, market place to tomb.

Not so to-day. There have been pictures based on Mars, action in submarines, hotel lobbies, tenement roofs, sea liners, the lower Nile, street corners, the Amazon jungle, international boundary lines, speakeasies, opera stages, airplanes, railroad trains, laboratories, and even the groves of heaven and the gates of doom. There have been earthquakes at Pompeii and San Francisco. Audiences have seen hills of Golgotha, shores of Galilee, courts of emperors and halls of kings, international conferences, lynchings right on the home grounds. They have seen football scenes, base-ball crises, ski slopes, circus tents and burlesque stagedoors. And in these places they have witnessed drama, tragedy, comedy, epics, farces, satires and grotesques.

The emphasis on locale has given literary persons a dangerous and explosive dramatic formula. All they need to do is either to duplicate the newsreel characteristics of a well-known event or catastrophe or to take a group of ordinary abstractions, dress them as players, and let the effects of a novel setting precipitate novel transmutations. The camera can be relied upon to create the illusion of reality in the setting which will reflect a glow of authenticity on the action itself, no matter how improbable.

This sort of motion picture is a descendant on the wrong side of the cover of the literary tradition of Jules Verne. It reached its highest form in the collected works of H. G. Wells, and it has been vulgarised in other media in which a whole generation of children is being nurtured on the super-scientific marvels which a virtuous man is permitted to employ in his grappling with a monstrous evil.

The effect has been unfortunate. Dramatic taste has succumbed before an appetite for the eccentric and weird; the moral and psychological impact of sheer story is sacrificed for the retailing of believe-it-or-not facts. Facts which are so far from the experience of the beholder partake more of the nature of fantasy than of truth. The conclusion in the audience mind must necessarily follow that unusual and important things take place only in unusual and notable circumstances. It was not for this that Chekov laboured to produce starkest human tragedy from humblest facts.

—*New York Herald Tribune*

Hollywood's Betrayal of America

IT IS IRONIC and tragic, too, that we cannot praise Hollywood for its courage without mocking it for its cowardice. *Black Legion*, is one of the most courageous, forthright and bitter editorials the screen has written. Its indictment of the hooded organisation which terrorized the Mid-west in 1935–36 is relentlessly pursued. It shows us brutality, stupidity and hypocrisy masquerading under the cloak of patriotism. It takes facts and gives them a fictional veneer without ever concealing their reality. It fills us with horror and indignation and shame for what has been done in this land of liberty, justice and equality.

And then we are reminded: Hollywood halted production of *It Can't Happen Here* because Italy and Germany would have taken offense at its anti-Fascist message; it destroyed the negative of *The Devil is a Woman* because of a Spanish protest about its disrespectful treatment of Spain's Civil Guard; it omitted all mention of the War of 1812 in *Lloyds of London* rather than affront our British cousins; it regretfully abandoned plans for a film of *Paths of Glory* upon learning that France would prefer to have that incident of the World War forgotten; it shelved *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* in Turkey's interest; it —but there's no need to cite more cases. The evidence should be sufficient.

It leads inexorably to the conclusion that Hollywood may tread safely upon no one's toes but our own. From *Ramona* and *Sutter's Gold* and *Robin Hood of El Dorado* to *Fury* and *Black Legion* there runs a common vein: self-censure. We, as a nation, are assumed to be efficiently broad-minded to stand before the screen's mirrored image of ourself and observe, dispassionately or otherwise, that we cheated the Mexicans in California, robbed the Indians in the West, stirred a witch's brew of lynch mobs in the South and Mid-west, spawned craven gangsters in the East, threw our cities to the mercy of political leeches and hatched a corrupt bar, a venal judiciary and a depraved penal system—among other things. It is a pretty picture Hollywood has painted for all the world to see, and we may well be proud of it.

That is written in all seriousness, for it should be part of a nation's character, as it is an individual's, to be broad enough to stand the truth, however unpleasant. Hollywood being a practical business man, must play Europe's game, which, at the moment, seems to have been borrowed from the ostrich—all waving plumes and colour on the surface and its ugly little head beneath. We, a hardy breed, will continue—the cinema and Mr. Hays willing—to suffer these repeated shocks to our national ego, staggering occasionally under a body blow, recovering if the film's conclusion bids us hope that the evil has been remedied, but never—let us pray—driving Hollywood headlong into its economic cowardice by insisting that even the pinfeathers of the American eagle be gilded.

—Frank S. Nugent,
New York Sunday Times

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PLAINSMAN. (Cecil B. de Mille—Paramount.)

Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur.

This film is on the grand and unashamed scale. Indians are wanted and thousands of Indians are there, the frontier is being devastated and devastated it is, ambushes must play their part and ambushes do, and then there is Mr. Gary Cooper, perpetually "on the draw" and wearing that slow smile and that slouch hat which become him so well. Mr. Cooper is sardonic, cynical, and immensely impressive, whether he is being tortured by Indians, leading forlorn hopes, or pretending that he does not love Calamity Jane (Miss Jean Arthur), an able young woman with a stock-whip. If the West in its pioneer days is to be opened up again, Mr. Cooper and Miss Arthur, with the lavish assistance of Mr. Cecil de Mille, are certainly the people to do it.

—*The Times*

That Cecil B. de Mille directed this film still seems incredible. It is bright, zippy, humorous and human, even in the Capra tradition, and contains no bathing beauties. Gary Cooper again distinguishes himself, making a believable and indigenous character out of the two-gun badman, Wild Bill Hickcock. Next in honours is Jean Arthur, doing a swell knockabout job as Calamity Jane. The fusion of the Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill, and Custer's Last Stand legends make a nice piece of Americana. Notable, too, is the munitions angle, showing how the Indians got guns with which to kill the white settlers. And credit the folk-touch given to Wild Bill, by having him a teller of such whoppers as the one about the fish that drowned. —Meyer Levin, *Esquire*

Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in Cecil B. Mille's "The Plainsman"

Review of the Month

CAMILLE. (George Cukor — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore.

Having passed its fiftieth anniversary, *Camille* is less a play than an institution. Just as *Hamlet* is the measure of the great actor, so has Dumas fils' classic become the ultimate test of the dramatic actress. Greta Garbo's performance is in the finest tradition: eloquent, tragic, yet restrained. She is as incomparable in the rôle as legend tells us that Bernhardt was. Through the perfect artistry of her portrayal, a hackneyed theme is made new again, poignantly sad, hauntingly lovely.

George Cukor, the classicist of the Metro studios, has retained the full flavour of the period—France in the middle of the last century—without drenching his film with the cloying scent of a hothouse. *Camille*, under his benign handling and the understanding adaptation by Zoe Akins, Frances Marion and James Hilton, is not the reverentially treated museum piece we half expected to see. Its speech has been modernised, but not jarringly; its characters, beneath the frills and ruffles of the Fifties, have the contemporary point of view; its tragedy is still compelling, for the Lady of the Camellias must eternally be a tragic figure.

Miss Garbo has interpreted Marguerite Gautier with the subtlety that has earned for her the title, "first lady of the screen." Even as the impish demi-mondaine of the early sequences, she has managed to convey the impression of maturity, of a certain etherealism and spiritual integrity which raise her above her surroundings and mark her as one apart. Her love for Armand, dictating her flight from Paris and the protection of the Baron de Varville, becomes, then, less a process of reformation and regeneration than it is the natural realisation of her true character; less a change of life than a discovery of life.

To appreciate her complete command of the rôle, one need only study her approach to the key scenes of the drama. Where the less sentient Camille bides her time until the moment comes for her to tear her passions and the scenery to tatters, Garbo waits and then understates. It is her dignity that gives strength to her scene with M. Duval when he asks her to give up his son. It is because her emotions do not slip their leash—when you feel that any second they might—that saves her parting scene with Armand from being a cliché of renunciation. And, above all, it is her performance in the death scene—so simply, delicately and movingly played—which convinces me that *Camille* is Garbo's best performance.

—Frank S. Nugent, *The New York Times*

The Plainsman (contd.)

Mr. Cecil B. de Mille: there has always been a touch of genius as well as absurdity in this warm-hearted sentimental salvationist. *The Crusades*, *The Ten Commandments* were comic and naïve, but no director since Griffith has handled crowds so convincingly. Now—startlingly—Mr. de Mille seems to have grown up. *The Plainsman* is certainly the finest Western since *The Virginian:* perhaps it is the finest Western in the history of the film. Indeed one might wonder whether Mr. de Mille's name had been taken in vain if it were not for the magnificent handling of the extras in the big sets. A few great spectacular moments in the history of the film remain as a permanent encouragement to those who believe that an art may yet emerge from a popular industry: the long shots of the Battle of Bull Run in *The Birth of a Nation*, the French attack in *All Quiet*. Some of the scenes in *The Plainsman* belong to that order.

—Graham Greene, *The Spectator*

Critical Summary.

Excellently received, and considered by more than one critic to be de Mille's best. Trade reviews reveal an expectation for this film to prove something of a box-office record-breaker.

THE GREAT BARRIER. (Milton Rosmer—Gaumont-British.)

Richard Arlen, Lilli Palmer, Antoinette Cellier, Barry Mackay.

This film has for its background the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and this fact alone would arouse interest, for the British studios have always shown themselves strangely reluctant to make full-length films on themes of reality. With *The Great Barrier* a start has been made. It cannot be called more than a start, for the makers, faced with a pioneering subject, seem to have been determined to include everything, or nearly everything, that has ever been in pioneering pictures. This necessitates a story not entirely at one with the theme of the building of the railway. The personal exploits of a young gambler, who makes good, and his best friend, who goes to the bad, are of the type familiar in pioneer pictures. We could accordingly dispense with some of them in favour of learning how the railway was taken over the pass. But if the running of the railway seems remarkably haphazard—so haphazard that this part of the film has little reality—*The Great Barrier* does offer in its place a film full of action. Avalanches, fights, accidents follow in quick succession. Indians are brought in to shoot rapids, and there is enough riding for any "Western."

—R. H., *The Manchester Guardian*

The Great Barrier tells of the pioneers who plotted, planned, and constructed the C.P.R.—that straight-as-a-gunshot railroad that straddles the Canadian Rockies so proudly; yet with a pride that came after many falls. Swamps that sucked and swallowed men, mechanism, engines in their mammoth entirety; dynamite-charges that coughed up fragments of hurtled rock and released avalanche after avalanche, hideously

W.F.N. SELECTION

Camille * *
The Plainsman * *
The Great Barrier *
Beloved Enemy *
Craig's Wife *
Pathé Newsreel Madrid * *

FILMS COVERED IN THIS ISSUE

Camille
The Plainsman
The Great Barrier
Beloved Enemy
The Plough and the Stars
Craig's Wife
Sensation
O.H.M.S.
Pathé Newsreel Madrid
Dreaming Lips
Cain and Mabel
Ernte
Regine
Mazurka
Son of Mongolia

indiscriminate, on those beneath . . . Rocks, tall and rearing, whose faces wore the granite half-smile of death; the work that wearied men, the cold that cut them, the heat that hurt. Acting is as I would have it: quiet, disarmingly reticent, yet hammering home each point with the ringing blows of authenticity. To Richard Arlen and Barry Mackay, two card-sharpers who purged their souls of a lust for gambling by hard labour on the railroad-track; to Lilli Palmer, temptress, and Roy Emerton, overseer, who led them to glory, I fling a quantity of laurels. To Milton Rosmer, for his direction, applause that will, I hope, re-echo to the most distant cranny of the Empire. —Paul Dehn, *The Sunday Referee*

Critical Summary.

Handicapped on its release in London by inevitable comparison with "The Plainsman." Press reviews varied from very enthusiastic to more qualified praise, but subject matter universally applauded. Considered excellent entertainment by the trade.

BELOVED ENEMY. (H. C. Potter—United Artists.)
Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne.

Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne act with such quiet, unrestrained, yet forceful sincerity in *Beloved Enemy* that this picture is one of the most emotionally effective I have seen for a long time. The story is about the trouble in Ireland in 1921, and, broadly, without submitting too much to the handicap of historical fact, it is based on the life and death of Michael Collins. Such a theme, underlining, as it does, the criminal futility of such antagonisms, cannot fail in its dramatic appeal, even if it rouses no deeper sense of resentment. In this case bloodshed and hatred provide a background for one of the most impressive fictional romances the screen has given us. —Richard Haestier, *The Star*

No one who recalls the pitiful Irish tragedy of 1921–22 can fail to be reminded of gallant, breezy Michael Collins when seeing this splendid picture. Heavily charged with grim tragedy, the theme's relief is mainly the gaiety shown whenever possible by Brian Aherne, whose magnificent rendering of the handsome, dashing rebel is convincingly dramatic, full of charm and manliness, but astonishingly free from theatricality. It seems to me that it will rank among the best performances of the year, whatever else may come along. —P. L. Mannock, *The Daily Herald*

Critical Summary.

The critics are agreed that after "These Three," "Dodsworth" and "Come and Get It," Sam Goldwyn has done it again and produced another intelligent and moving production. The acting of Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne is generally considered admirable. The trade are well satisfied.

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS. (John Ford—RKO Radio.)
Barbara Stanwyck, Preston Foster, Bonita Granville, Una O'Connor.

Men must fight and women must keen is the theme of Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*, done into films by Radio through the direction of John Ford, who set the current Irish fashion with *The Informer*. Of all the "trouble" films, this is probably the truest to life as it was lived and lost in those times. The main characters live in Dublin tenement houses, and, except two, they brawl in public-houses, loot the shops, boast in liquor and are spitefully sober and yet, somehow, they are all touched with the fire of patriotism. The siege of the Post Office, the sniping from the roofs, the looting of the shops are bits of realism.

—Ian Coster, *The Evening Standard*

This is not by any means another *The Informer* . . . It is a troubled and rather troublesome film about the Irish Trouble, curiously rent in texture between the strong, soft playing of the native Irish players, and the nasal melodramatics of Hollywood. There are moments, and lovely ones, when the Irish voices put a spell on the picture—one meeting of the rebels in particular, is a scene I shall long remember with pleasure. But before you can say Sinn Fein they are over and done with, and there'll be Miss Una O'Connor up to her cracker-jack antics, and Mr. Preston Foster with his Hollywood blarney, and Miss Barbara Stanwyck keening for the souls who have "gawn." —C. A. Lejeune, *The Sunday Observer*

The afterglow of the super qualities of this film as a whole bids me to cheer lustily and to say that if RKO-Radio Pictures produce nothing else this season, the finely wrought direction, meltingly beautiful acting and stirring drama of *The Plough and the Stars* would still make this cinema year distinguished. Basically, the theme of the play is the Easter Week Rebellion and its abortive and tragic failure, with emphasis on the heroism, cowardice, fanaticism and sentimentality of a weird group of characters who inhabit a squalid Dublin tenement. *The Plough and the Stars* is a grim and scorching photo-play, indignant, powerful indictment of armed force as well as finely written, shewdly characterised and intense entertainment. On the whole the acting is as beautiful as the film. But it is Barry Fitzgerald, a great little comic with much of the wistfulness that is Chaplin, who plays Fluther, who is the real star of the film. His performance is magnificent.

—William Boehnel, *The New York World Telegram*

Roy Emerton in G.B.'s new film "The Great Barrier"

CRAIG'S WIFE. (Dorothy Arzner—Columbia.)
Rosalind Russell, John Boles, Billie Burke, Dorothy Wilson.

A thing which gets my critical goat is the insane habit the English have of disliking a play when it is a play and liking it when it is turned into a film. *Craig's Wife* was a dismal failure when it was produced over here a few years ago, when, incidentally, it was a more probable piece of work than is the present film. Readers will remember how a woman is so house-proud that she sacrifices everything, including husband and friends, to her love for her chairs and tables. But in the case of the film Mrs. Craig is not house-proud; she is palace-proud, and, as the friend who was with me remarked, there would be some sense in sticking to a palace like that, as against so dull a husband as Mr. John Boles makes of Craig. You know the kind of place—Cumberland-like vestibules lead through Grosvenor-like corridors to Dorchester-like saloons. Miss Rosalind Russell's present performance is so good that it suggests I have never before seen her when she was not wildly miscast. She has always been seen as an intensely genteel young Englishwoman loving an American hero rather against her own convictions and principles. In *Craig's Wife* she has to cling to a wainscot and not a waistcoat, and she does it with immeasurably greater success. Nevertheless, the best performance in this film seems to me to be that of Miss Dorothy Wilson as Mrs. Craig's niece. She is a born actress. I put my finger on her now and declare that she is marked for stardom. And she is, thank Heaven, not a "lovely." —James Agate, *The Tatler*

SENSATION. (Brian Desmond Hurst—Associated British Pictures.)
John Lodge, Francis Lister, Joan Marion, Diana Churchill, Athene Seyler.

If Elstree desired to prove that it can produce a crime film as slickly as the best of them from Hollywood, it has achieved its purpose in *Sensation*. And if that were all, I would salute director Brian Desmond Hurst and pass on, but it is not. This is a film in which crime reporters are given a macabre affinity with the body-snatchers of old, while the police are—by contrast—models of saintly if somewhat incompetent decorum. With the facile defence of "serving the ends of justice" always in the offing, this film depicts very plainly and unequivocally the woeful pandering to the appetite for morbid sensation which is a canker in modern life. The public may want this type of film, but I beg leave to doubt whether the public knows its own mind well enough to separate what is of public concern from sheer mob hysteria; and if there were no capacity for hysteria there could be no pandering to it.
—*The Birmingham Mail*

Sensation, indeed. A British film company has tackled Hollywood at its own game and beaten it. This is the best murder-mystery, with a reporter hero, yet seen. *Murder Gang* was its original title, and that explained everything to the initiated. That is the name given to the newspaper reporters who specialise in crime. We see them, like a flock of vultures, gathering round a body. Watching each other with suspicious eyes, frightened that one of them will get a "scoop." The film is packed with humour and suspense, the means by which the crime was solved being particularly neat. It is one hundred per cent. entertainment.
—Harris Deans, *The Sunday Graphic*

O.H.M.S. (Raoul Walsh—Gaumont-British.)
Wallace Ford, John Mills, Anna Lee, Grace Bradley.

There is, I suppose, something about a soldier. But what is of more concern is that there is also something about a good director, and Mr. Raoul Walsh's work here is fine, fine, fine . . . He had a tough assignment. He had to tell on the screen, with the help of the Army Council, a simple little romantic melodrama about a fugitive petty crook from New York, who, by using another man's passport, found himself in the British Army. Now, that Army Council business must have been tricky. Walsh had to depict the life of a British soldier in authentic detail. The entertainment would have gone overboard in the process with a less able man. As it is, the result is a good, clean-cut film going along at a smart pace. I think Wallace Ford in the part of the New Yorker, Tommy, is the most inspired piece of casting in a British film for a long time.
—Stephen Watts, *The Sunday Express*

Wallace Ford and John Mills as "Tommies" in O.H.M.S.

In a recent article Mr. Bernard Shaw has an amusing passage on the ways of film magnates, who, as we all know, whenever they want to make a picture on a given subject, send not for an accredited author or expert, but for the office boy. We have just had an amusing justification of this in the film called *O.H.M.S.*, which has been made "with the full co-operation of the War Office." What I want to know is how the War Office came to be let down by being asked to lend its co-operation to a story quite so desperately silly. Who invented this patriotic tale whereon to hang a display of that side of military life which, having nothing whatever to do with war, is held out as an inducement to the youth of this and any other country to come and be killed? This deplorable rubbish has been set out in full panoply of pomp and circumstance. The War Office has done its part with great zeal and efficiency, and it is an enormous pity that this loyal co-operation should not have been used to further a better story. —James Agate, *The Tatler*

Critical Summary.

The majority of the Press reviews were very favourable, but there were one or two exceptions. The subject matter is universally applauded. Propaganda is usually of doubtful box-office value, but in this case the trade consider that propaganda and entertainment have been admirably blended and look forward with confidence to a financial success.

THE BOMBING OF MADRID
(Pathé Newsreel)

The Pathé unit in Spain, which serves America, Pathé France, and the British Pathé Gazette sent to England a record of the bombing of Madrid and the entry of Franco's troops into Badajos such as never been equalled in the history of screen reporting.

Pathé, after giving several shows to the national and provincial press released about half the shots of the bombing of Madrid in the Pathé Gazette on Monday, 15th February. But the tale of Badajos and the atrocities committed there, pictured so graphically that the cameramen were arrested by Franco and all but shot, will not be told to the public. Because they fall into the "horrific" category deplored by the censor, the most important shots of Madrid and the havoc wrought there will be permanently shelved.

Pathé is to be complimented on showing the first Spanish War newsreel with story and moral, for even as it stands now, mutilated and censored, this issue of Pathé Gazette tells what is the fullest story so far.

R. P.

DREAMING LIPS. (Paul Czinner—Trafalgar Films.)
Elizabeth Bergner, Raymond Massey, Romney Brent.

Dreaming Lips, my more ribald colleagues tell me, is "a woman's picture." Praise be it *is* a woman's picture. That is what Bergner has owed us for so long; not a boy David, not a Ganymede, not a Gemma, not even a nymph, constant or otherwise, but a woman's drama, sensed and interpreted by a great artist who is a woman, too. Bergner's latest picture is just the story of a young wife, happy, loved and affectionate, who finds outside her marriage the dream she has been waiting for. It is an acutely sensitive story, working up from the first April glow of happiness to the drab facts that, for a woman, cannot be enhanced or evaded. It pulls this way and that, between ardour and a kind of narcotised splendour and the little, violent tugs of affection and custom. Czinner's direction has followed his wife's development, at every turn, in strength and subtlety. This is in every way a riper, warmer, more compelling picture than the German original, with more urgent notes of emphasis, a stronger grasp on human eventualities.
—C. A. Lejeune, *The Sunday Observer*

Critical Summary.

Acclaimed by only a minority of the critics, the general opinion being that the tempo is far too slow. Suspect in the trade, apart from its obvious stellar appeal.

CAIN AND MABEL. (Lloyd Bacon—Warner Brothers.)
Clark Gable, Marion Davies.

Cain and Mabel follows the usual lines, but it is lively and laughsome and one comes away well content; and also, for those who favour such things, there is a stage musical-comedy too lavish ever to have been performed on a stage, and a prize-fight for heavy-weights where blows proper to an abattoir are exchanged without fatal effect, and in which Cain, the winner, loses, for a reason that I will not be so unsporting as to

CONTINENTAL FILMS

ERNTE. (Geza von Bolvary—Austrian.)
Paula Wessely, Attita Horbiger, Gina Falckenberg.

As with *Mazurka*, here again we have a story of no special distinction, yet utterly redeemed by the manner of its presentation and lifted from the commonplace by an individual performance of exceptional brilliance. Paula Wessely is another model for the film aspirant to watch and study closely. The cameras have given us many scenes of pastoral loveliness. The direction is admirable.
—Sydney W. Carroll, *The Sunday Times*

My appetite may be low and panting, being content to watch merely Myrna Loy and Ginger Rogers moving about up there, but I feel no restless urge, like more intelligent critics, for a Viennese actress with a thirty-five waist and eyebrows that meet in the middle. Anybody with my gross standards cannot hope, therefore, to judge Paula Wessely. Of course, she's a good actress, she's sincere and calculates her naïveté very cleverly, and is downright and plucky through her peasant tears. On paper, she's fine. But she's not acting on paper. She's acting in a dark room on a dark night with a lot of people sneezing and at least one film critic risking 'flu on her behalf. And sincerity is not enough. Neither is clever acting, and cute horseplay, and stirring feudal devotion to the Rittmeister, and brave tears. Any other time she'd be given marks for all these things. But they were nothing short of a stab in the back, the night she gave me influenza.
—Alistair Cooke, *The Spectator*

REGINE. (Herman Grund—German.)
Luise Ullrich, Adolph Wohlbruck.

This is one of the few German pictures to be shown in England since the German film industry was aired of all but its strictly Aryan elements. Old-fashioned in story and treatment, it shows little evidence of progress since the Nazis took over the studios. The only outstanding thing about it is the performance of Luise Ullrich, who looks a little like Dietrich, speaks a little like Bergner, and acts a lot like herself, so that there can be no possibility of mistaking her for an imitation of either. Little is known of Fräulein Ullrich in England. Publicity sent over with the film proudly states that she possesses the love of home life required these days of all German women, even film actresses, but does not tell us much else. I can add that, apart from this most desirable attribute, she also possesses youth, beauty, and a naïve simplicity that is altogether charming. She plays a peasant girl who marries a rich man and has great difficulty in adjusting herself to the sophisticated life of the big city to which he belongs. —Richard Haestier, *The Star*

MAZURKA. (Willi Forst—German.)
Pola Negri, Ingeborg Theek, Albrecht Schoenhals

Mazurka leaves a rather sinister impression. The first twenty-minutes—the scared duel between the adolescent girl (beautifully acted by Ingeborg Theek) and the middle-aged expert in sexuality—are admirable. With the appearance of Miss Pola Negri, Herr Willi Forst seems deliberately to guy not only the melodramatic tale of an unknown mother and a good woman's ruin, but the star herself. Miss Negri's technique belongs to the War years and the silent film. Forst makes her run across rooms, bound along streets, a crazy corsetted Cassandra in 1917 draperies. In a scene of drunken seduction which is like an ancient still from Mr. Rotha's album, the villain (with long Svengali hair and the manner of a lion tamer) props tipsy Miss Negri against the doorpost while he takes down his top hat. Miss Negri may be unwise to return to the films, but it is a cruel idea of fun to guy this stout, glossy, gesticulating woman for the pleasure of audiences who have forgotten the star of Lubitsch's *Forbidden Paradise*.

SECOND OPINION

"Every pert little miss who fancies herself an embryo star should, in a spirit of awed humility, take this opportunity of studying the methods of an artiste whose passions come from the heart, whose voice is vibrant with feeling and whose emotions are expressed with every fibre of her being."—Sydney Carroll on Miss Negri.
—Graham Greene, *The Spectator*

SON OF MONGOLIA. (Ilya Trauberg—Russian.)
Tseven Rabdan, Ingi-Khorlo.

Son of Mongolia is the only Russian film in a year which I have been able to enjoy without reservation . . . a film packed full of fascinating and informing novelties, with a story distinguished by the presence everywhere in it of a vast, happy, and primeval good-nature.

Producers of films should never forget the delight we take in mere information, mere novelty, and should never make the mistake of supposing that we can tire of being conducted by the camera into worlds we have not seen before. If *Son of Mongolia* were nothing but a newsreel it would still be one of the finest of current films. The landscape is of course wonderful—limitless in its distances and its dusts, and smoothed by time into the most suggestive shapes. But the people matter more. I do not expect to forget Tseven and his nomad friends; or the bald-headed lama squatting by his American alarm clock; or the other rogue of a lama who is bribed to lure Tseven into Manchuria; or the pot-bellied giant wrestlers; or the old men with wrinkled foreheads who watch them from the side-lines; or the denizens of inns and the singers of unearthly broken songs who appear for a moment in the incomparable interiors. These are obviously a great people, even to one who does not know exactly how to measure them. They have been here for ever, they are very tough and wise, and there is a strength in their smiling which seems to say that they are rooted too deeply in the sour earth ever to desire the foreign sweetness of change.

Son of Mongolia, however, is more than a newsreel. With Tseven Rabdan playing the role of Tseven, and with Ilya Trauberg doing an imaginative piece of directing, it grows into something picturesque if not epic. For Tseven travels into Manchuria on his little white horse; learns through many adventures there that his native republic is surrounded by enemies; and trots home a hero no less than a patriot. Rabdan in this role cuts a fine, merry figure: he is a plump Don Quixote who knows how to fill each landscape he crosses with human meaning, and how to sound each situation to its deepest chuckle. He is one of the best actors I have ever watched, just as this is one of the best films—an Oriental "Western" if you do not mind the contradiction in terms.
—Mark Van Doren, *The Nation*

Cain and Mabel (continued)

divulge. But to my childish mind, better to see than either the sumptuous show or the frantic ring is the slap that, in the night-restaurant, Mabel gives Larry Cain, and the ice-pail that Cain, retaliating, empties on Mabel's blonde locks. Intellectual stuff, you observe. After such a hostile beginning, need I say—but I won't. The film must be visited in person. —E. V. L., *Punch*

Marion Davies is a very lucky woman. No doubt because of the Hearst backing, they were able to get Clark Gable to appear with her in *Cain and Mabel*. Marion, who is worth over £1,000,000 of her own, shows us, on the screen, how she can't dance much and how she can't sing much. Her acting is all right, but she ought to thank heaven for Clark Gable—and the Hearst newspapers, which always say how marvellous she is. Marion Davies is a very nice girl, but, frankly, I think she ought to be allowed to retire to one of her castles and give way to someone more in need of the money, and with talents more suitable to 1937. —Hannen Swaffer, *The People*

Marion Davies and Clark Gable in "Cain and Mabel"

Wishing a healthful and lively
second year to the most hopeful
youngster in film journalism

ROBERT DONAT
"KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR"
(Dietrich — Korda — Feyder)

GREETINGS
AND
All Good Wishes
For Your Second Year
From
MICHAEL BALCON

F. D. Klingender on MONOPOLY GROUPS AND AMERICAN FILM FINANCE

Extracts from Evidence presented to the Federal Communications Commission, New York

READERS OF THE Film Council analysis of American film finance, published in our November number, will be interested in the following facts illustrating the relations of the Telephone Trust with the movie industry which have come to light in evidence presented in the last days of December to the Federal Communications Commission, New York.

The Giants Agree to Divide the Spoils

In the hearing of December 22nd the Radio Corporation of America admitted "that it had actually drawn up a monopoly suit against American Telephone and Telegraph Co. and Electrical Research Products, Inc., naming all the film majors except Radio Keith-Orpheum as co-defendants. . . . RCA refrained from filing the restraint of the trade suit, however, and ERPI officials admitted on the stand that all patent rights in the various fields of communication had subsequently been split up and allocated between the two companies."

(*Hollywood Reporter*, *Dec.* 23).

But the Course of True Love . . .

At the same hearing the Commission's attorney, Mr. Samuel Becker, produced evidence to show, however, that ERPI was in the habit of charging double royalties in cases where the recording was done on RCA apparatus. "This made it virtually impossible for independent producers to use other than ERPI recording. . . . A 1931 letter from David Sarnoff to Otterson was also shown. Sarnoff stated that RCA had already lost $75,000 and stood to lose around $200,000 a year over ERPI's stand on sound royalites." (*Ibid.*)

Using the Big Stick

"Reports of ERPI engineers to H. G. Knox that tubes and other sound equipment produced by competitors as far back as May, 1931, were better in quality and lower in cost than the ERPI equipment forced on exhibitors were introduced. . . . ERPI itself complained to Western Electric regarding prices and quality of tubes being furnished. . . . Other testimony showed that Columbia at one time developed a noise-reduction apparatus and asked whether it was an infringement on ERPI patents. G. C. Pratt of ERPI replied that the question of infringement was only of secondary importance. Columbia, as a licensee of ERPI's, had no right to make improvements and compete with ERPI, he stated. Legal action was threatened if such competition took place."

(*Hearing of December* 23*rd*, *Hollywood Reporter*, 24, 12).

"It was disclosed that there are (at the present time) 22 anti-trust suits pending against ERPI seeking a total of $175,281,675 damages." (*Ibid.*)

From Sound Monopoly to Control

At the hearing of December 29th:—

"John E. Otterson, president prior to June, 1935, of Electrical Research Products, Inc., outlined several of his proposals to have this corporation direct the activities of motion-picture studios, theatres and other amusement enterprises, in order to safeguard the investments of this subsidiary of the telephone company, known in the trade as ERPI.

"'Regardless of reorganisations and receiverships in the motion picture industry at the present time,' Mr. Otterson wrote, in February, 1933, . . . 'it is desirable that we have in mind a general plan that might govern such mergers as may be effected and furnish an objective toward which the whole industry might work.'

"Mr. Otterson's letter was addressed to Winthrop W. Aldrich, president of the Chase National Bank, which institution at that time had a larger investment in the industry than ERPI, according to Mr. Otterson. . . . Mr. Otterson said that, as of November, 1932, 'the motion picture industry owes us $16,000,000 and our expected revenue from this investment within the next ten years should be approximately $65,000,000.' . . . Asked about the relation of the telephone company's business to that of the Chase Bank, Mr. Otterson said that Mr. Aldrich was a director of the telephone company and was interested in 'the motion-picture set-up' through the banking institution.

"In his plan, as outlined in the letter, Mr. Otterson said that the merger of the various studios and distribution operating companies 'can be proceeded with at once,' and added that 'as soon as adjustments and liquidation permit the theatres can be combined in a theatre-operating company.' . . . A memorandum from Mr. Otterson to E. S. Bloom, president of the Western Electric Company, . . . said that the parent company 'could control the motion-picture industry without investing any more money than it had in it at that time.' Mr. Otterson added, however, that he had declined to seek this control because it was against the general policies of the Bell Telephone system in fields outside of communications. Walter S. Gifford, president for more than ten years of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, testified later in the day concerning several phases of these policies.

"'Our intention at the outset was to stay out of commercial ventures such as those entered into by ERPI and other groups. . . . The depression and other developments, however, have made it difficult to confine ourselves to a narrow basis and we have gone in much further than we planned at the beginning.' He added that in his opinion 'the company had developed a new art in the the motion-picture field.' He said at the close of his testimony that the telephone corporation had considered disposing of ERPI's interests, but that 'one of the stumbling-blocks' was ERPI's long-term contracts with producers for equipment used in motion picture and sound-recording apparatus, which had been the subject of this investigation."

(*New York Times*, *December* 30*th*, 1936).

Time Marches On—ERPI and Universal Corporation

In the hearing of December 28th, Whitford Drake, executive vice-president of Electrical Research Products, Inc., gave evidence concerning a $2,000,000 debenture stock investment of ERPI in the new Universal holding company.

According to the *New York Times*, December 29, 1936:—

"The $2,000,000 investment in debenture stock in the Universal Corporation was listed in the prospectus published in June of this year showing the capital structure of this motion-picture holding corporation. An additional $2,000,000 was invested by an English group of investors, another $1,000,000 by the Eastman Kodak Company, it was revealed.

"Mr. Drake pointed out . . . that he knew that these corporations had intended to make 'an investment of considerable sums' in this newly formed holding company. 'We expect to get out of it as soon as we can,' he added, 'as we are more interested in the operation of the company than in the ownership of stock.'

"The acquisition of other interests over a period of more than three years was also given by Mr. Drake, who explained that 'a revolving fund of $500,000' was set up in 1932 to place several of their licensed production groups on a firmer financial basis. This enabled ERPI Corporation to compete with RCA and with smaller groups, previously referred to as 'users of bootleg sound-producing equipment.'"

When on the following day Mr. Gifford was questioned about the $2,000,000 investment of ERPI in Universal, he replied, "I don't like the idea, but I believe that those who have worked for the success of ERPI had good reason for making it." (*New York Times*, *December* 30*th*, 1936).

COCKA

Edited by

Ugly Scene in Milk Bar

An ugly scene, involving Mrs. Dulcie Throop and Abe Schwartzenheimer, *Filthfilms*' ace producer, occurred in the Nonpareil Milk Bar, one of the plague-spots of Wardour Street, yesterday.

Mrs. Throop was accompanied by her Diving Horse, Walter, whom she is trying to get into pictures. Approaching Schwartzenheimer, she suggested that a part be found for the animal in the new *Filthfilms* production, *Lousy Is The Word For Lizzie*.

Schwartzenheimer was heard to ask if Mrs. Throop would be willing to act as the horse's stand-in. Blows were exchanged and a police-woman who attempted to intervene, broke a boot-lace. Mrs. Throop was taken into custody but was allowed to leave as soon as the sergeant had taken a look at her.

Walter, Mrs. Throop's Diving Horse, will be remembered as the animal blacklisted by British Studios for breaking the morality clause in its first contract with *Punk Pictures Inc.*

* * *

Those ex-waiters
Called Dictators
See their status
Come unstuck.
Burst their bubble,
What's the trouble?
They've a double—
Donald Duck.

That old meanie
Mussolini,
He has seen he
Can't compete;
Hitler's lucky,
Like the Duck he
Has out-stucky
Kind of feet.

Something's lacking
From their quacking,
They're not packing
In the herds;
And their colour—
So much duller
Than that hulla—
B'llooing bird's.

Cutting capers
(See the papers),
Losing shape as
Years roll on;
Waxing war-like,
Feeling sore like,
Growing more like
Disney's Don.

So they waddle,
Talking twaddle,
Like their model,
Wanna fight
(What a pity
Muss and Hitty
Aren't so pretty
To the sight).

I'm Something in the Movies

I have a most delightful occupation—
  A task that needs a modicum of skill,
A total lack of tiresome concentration
  And previous experience that's *nil*.
My colleagues swarm around me in their thousands
  And echo, to a man, the words I say;
There is only one condition for obtaining this position—
  You've got to know the letters O and K.

I'm something in the movies, but I've not discovered yet
Exactly why my presence is demanded "on the set,"
So I wear a high-necked sweater of a pungent shade of yellow
And try to look important as at intervals I bellow—

O.K. for lights? O.K. for sound?
O.K. for everything all round?
  Is everybody OKE?
O.K. to shoot? O.K. for mike?
O.K. for anything you like?
  Are you all OKYDOKE?

Oh, life is all a gala when you get a lot of pay
For wearing horn-rimmed spectacles and shouting out "O.K."

So, when you see a British-Scholtz production
  And marvel at the splendour of its scenes,
Acclaim the Star, Director and construction,
  But remember too the men behind the screens;
For, though to you it may sound very simple
  To stand about and merely say "O.K."
The one important fact is that it wants a lot of practice
  To say it in a transatlantic way.

I'm something in the movies, but I'm hazy as to what,
Except that I'm essential for the shooting of a shot.
As to naming my employment you can formulate your theories,
But, blissfully contented, I'll continue with my queries—

O.K. for lights? O.K. for sound?
O.K. for everything all round?
  Is everybody OKE?
O.K. to shoot? O.K. for mike?
O.K. for anything you like?
  Are you all OKYDOKE?

If I gave up my position think how badly I'd be missed
By the junior assistant whose assistant I assist!

(*From Punch*)

OFFICIAL RECEIVER TO STAR IN NEW FILM

George Shrubsole, the Official Receiver who has become a familiar figure at the *Phoney Films* Studio during the past few weeks, is to star in a new picture now on the floor.

Shrubsole's unfailing courtesy and charm of manner have endeared him to the Studio staff.

One day last week he was seen by Homer Burp, chairman of *Phoney Films* and immediately signed for the star part in the new picture.

"We gotta brand new heart-throb in this Shrubsole guy," said Burp. "He's got what it takes."

"And he takes what you've got," put in our correspondent humorously.

"And what a profile," went on Burp. "It's gonna drape the femme audiences over their seats when they take a gander at this monkey. We gotta big song number lined up for him called *Carey Street's a Fairy Street When You Are There, Cherie*."

The film, originally called *Love on the Runnymede* and dealing with the life of King John, is to be re-titled *Men Were Receivers Ever* to suit Shrubsole's personality.

Forward, Miss Francis

While producers fall over themselves to make pictures of our mighty Services, it is deplorable that they should have so long overlooked what is surely the greatest of all our Services.

I refer, of course, to our telephone disinfecting service and the brave women who administer it. Every day in all weathers, these heroines go quietly about their business, a prey to all the perils of the Big City. And not only that, compelled to wear comic hats.

I have drafted out a rough scenario with one of these courageous girls as its central figure. Here it is, whether you like it or not:—

Violet de la Rue is head phone-sprayer with the Red Rose Phone Fumigating Co., and her technique with "the gun," as the girls laughingly refer to the instrument, is one to which all the younger members of the profession aspire.

One day, Violet calls at the office of J. B. Burgeon, wealthy moth-ball importer. Just as she is leaving, he engages her in conservation. She answers (she's not proud) and within five minutes the big libertine has asked her to his apartment to see his Japanese prints.

She consents, but her suspicions are aroused when he stops his car on the way and buys some Japanese prints.

Hurt, angry, she empties her disinfectant spray in his face and leaps out of the car.

Next week, when Violet calls, Burgeon wreaks a terrible vengeance. **He hides the telephone.** He tells her it is in the safe and when she steps in, determined to do her duty, he slams the door. After this Burgeon is without a telephone, but he is also without Violet, which is a lucky break for anybody. (*That goes for me too.—Ed.*).

(Another smashing instalment next week, you beasts).

LORUM

Rodney Hobson

Snooks Greiser, W.F.N.'s intolerable lift-boy, took one Sir G. Craig for a ride the other day.

Snooks: "So you're going to fly the Atlantic with the Coronation Film, huh?"

Sir G. Craig: "Well, and why not?"

Snooks: "And maybe after that you'll fly the Pacific with the Cup Tie Newsreels, huh?"

Sir G. Craig: "Well, why——"

Snooks: "And just now you'll be practising taking little items about hospital openings across the Solent, huh? Third Floor, parachutes, lifebelts, lucky sixpences, divers' suits and *World Film News*."

I wish Oscar Homolka
Would break into a polka,
That frown
Gets me down.

*

Robert Taylor
Might have been a sailor,
Or a chiropractor,
But not an actor.

*

If film-stars got sacked
For not being able to act,
That would leave us, of course,
With Buck Jones's horse.

*

Our links with the past
Are disappearing fast,
There is little left to us now but George Arliss
And bits of the Crystal Parliss.

See These at Your Local Cinemas, or Not

Love In the Run. A startling exposé of the sex-life of Buff Orpingtons.

Trail of the Lonesome Pain. Drama of a surgeon who put appendicitis before love.

The Man who Minded his Change. You guessed it—Scots stuff.

Sing, Baby, Sing-Sing. Fun in the penitentiary. Should awaken old memories for a lot of you, I shouldn't wonder.

Sweet Hallo's. Publicity hounds meet American star at Waterloo.

Men Are Not Cods. Believe it or not.

Piccadilly Jam. A slow-moving story of London's traffic—and we don't mean white slave.

We Who Are About To Try. A promising story of the British Film Industry.

Has anyone seen a good Samaritan?

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ODEON
REGD.

THEATRES

wish the "World Film News" every success in its second year and——happy birthday

visit an Odeon Theatre for——
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SIGHT AND SOUND

WINTER 1936-37
SIXPENCE

THE FILM QUARTERLY — FOR NEWS & VIEWS

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Romance of the Movies, by Leslie Wood. Heinemann, 15/-

This book is clearly not intended to be that authentic history of movies for which there is so great a need. Instead Mr. Wood has written an absorbing account of movies from the early discoveries and shows of Mr. William Friese-Green of Bath down to television and its likely relation to the cinema. We are carried through the cinema's early struggles against prejudice and indifference; through the difficulties experienced during the period before the necessary material conditions for its exploitation had been created; through the struggles between the trusts, seeking control of the industry by seizure of patent rights, and the individual producer; down to the subsequent rise of the great companies, controlling both production and distribution and reaching an audience undreamt of by the peep-show pioneers.

In surveying the beginnings of the industry Mr. Wood treats it from a British angle, arguing that Friese-Green was the first to invent the cinematograph, though in other countries similar results were being got, not always by the same methods. In fact the mechanics of movies are stressed throughout the book, rather, we feel, to the exclusion of other considerations in the growth of movie. It is not only the combination of many inventions and experiments that has made the cinema of to-day but also the social conditions and environment in which it has grown up and the use—or misuse—of the opportunities provided.

The particular merit of the book is that it provides a readable, lively well-written account of the march of the movies for the non-technical reader.

Photography Year Book. Cosmopolitan Press, 21/-

This year's Photography Year Book, representing the work of most of the famous photographers of the world, affords a valuable conspectus of the position of photography at the present time. It is not expensive at the price.

The photographs are grouped under subject-headings (portrait, landscape, and the like), and these give some indication of the trend of fashion in modern photographic practice.

The trend is towards simplicity and straightforward representation. The photographic technique does not seem to be improving; for the last few years it had been difficult to see where improvement is possible in this respect. But the subjects and the treatment show a welcome return to normal. The fierce camera-angles, rhetorical over-corrections, myopic focusing effects, fuzzy bromoils, are in a very small minority nowadays, though still there are photographers who like to show reversed prints, and others who aim at making crayon-portraits with the camera, or bas-reliefs or surrealist compositions. The heyday of such stunts is over. They were just the contortions of the photographer in the toils of jealousy, envying the oil-painter and the line-draughtsman, whose work is always recognisably his own. They are now admitting, it seems, that the game is up. It will never be possible to look at a photograph, as one looks at a line-drawing, and say at once who did it.

The work represented in this book is all good. Photographically it is magnificent. Artistically—well, artistically, one is never sure of any photograph, however beautiful the lady may be.

Portrait Photography, by Franz Feidler. Newnes, 10/6

Catering for both professionals and amateurs, this books deals with photography from a strictly practical point of view. A unique feature is its section on physiognomy which not only deals with the significance of the features but offers an interpretation of individual characteristics in the light of human character.

Treatment of the sitter, group and child photography, backgrounds and lighting are among the subjects dealt with. The illustrations are chosen for their instructional rather than their exhibition value and many of them are paired in order to show the results from the use of varying lenses and filters. The virtues of the miniature camera receive full attention.

Kinematograph Year Book (1937). Kinematograph Publications, Ltd., 10/-

The twenty-fourth issue of this, the film trade's only reference book, covers the usual essential information of practical value to renters, exhibitors, and members of the industry in general. A feature of the new issue is an article: "Taking Stock for the Trade of 1937," by S. G. Rayment, editor of the *Kinematograph Weekly*. Mr. Rayment has summed up past achievement and future outlook dispassionately and fairly. He points out that the British studios have something to learn in catering for the intelligent patron and the general public at the same time and he indicates the need for "higher direction: the big organizing and co-ordinating brain which America has evolved and we have not."

He adds: "There is no need to play down to the unintelligent, all we have to do is to avoid treating the millions with contempt, and leaving their entertainment to others who have a better conception of their opportunities. To give the most helpful encouragement to the coming British film, critics will have to remind themselves that the West End is not England."

Legal questions are dealt with by Norman Hart, B.A., Solicitor to the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association, in a special article. Information on British studio personnel and equipment is brought up-to-date. There is a digest of all Acts concerned with the Industry and a special article, by A. L. Carter, is devoted to a review of developments in technique and equipment, with details of all sound systems.

The Kine Year Book admirably fulfils its function of serving the industry and the businessmen thereof. But when shall we have a cinema reference book of rather wider scope and wider appeal?

Criminals—For General Release!

Police have always used every scientific method to trace down criminals. Bloodhounds, racing cars, aeroplanes are familiar weapons in their hands. American police are now taking up motion-pictures. They have under consideration a central film library organised like their finger-print library and containing negatives of specially prepared shots of criminals posed and speaking for this purpose. Local police stations may order prints at their discretion. A new development is expected. If the police have a screen record of a man once in their hands but now at large and wanted, they are planning to invite newsreel companies to co-operate in distributing such records all over America so that every audience will be on the alert to spot their man. Newsreel producers are said to be eager for such films.

Criminals have already been arrested by policemen familiar only with films of the wanted man. The police do not anticipate difficulty in making the criminals act naturally when the films are being taken.

They say that they have pretty good control of the criminals and that by taking pictures at different times the difficulties due to distorted acting will be overcome. Besides, say the police, so many people want to get into the movies that they will commit crimes just to have their pictures taken.

(*Note: From "The Schwarzkopf Method of Indentifying Criminals," a paper read by J. Frank, junr., at the Autumn* 1936 *meeting of the Society of Motion-Picture Engineers of America at Rochester, New York, and reprinted in the Journal of that body for February*, 1937).

WE'VE RECORDED OVER 800 FILMS

Productions just completed

Paul Rotha's "The Way to the Sea"

Widgey Newman's "Our Royal Heritage"

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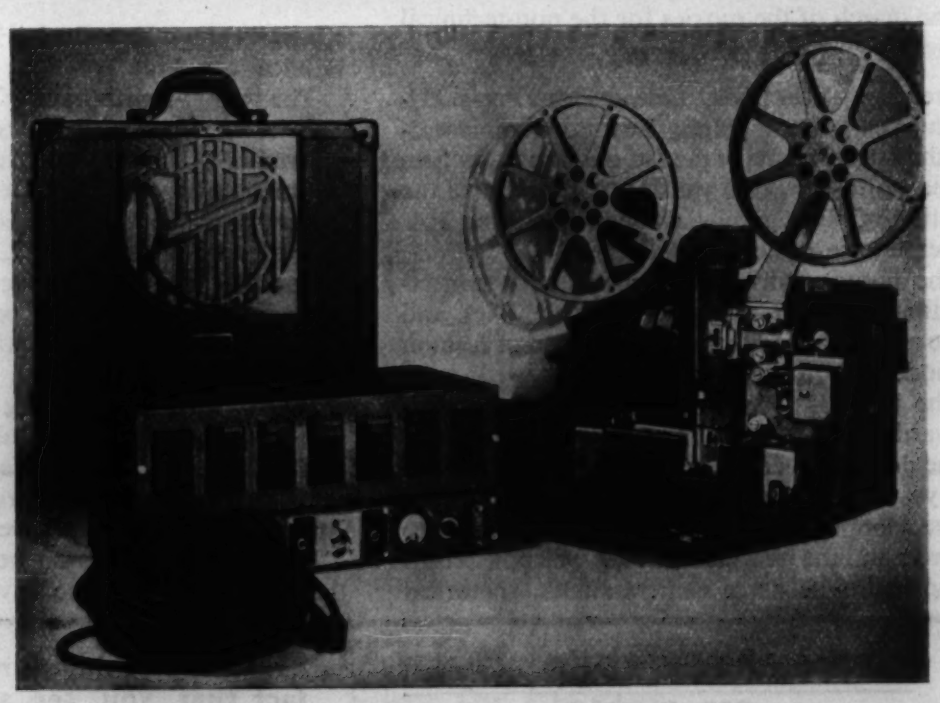

The projector is fitted with fast 2-inch F 1.65 lens instantly interchangeable with special lenses. After passing through the mechanism film is cooled and re-humidified. There is a radio interference eliminator, pilot light, snubber to cushion film against take-up tension, two-way tilt, and variable lamp resistance and voltmeter. The sound head is similar to that of Filmosound Model 120.

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THE ROLE OF THE AUTHOR

Why is California allowed to steal our best authors?

Must we always wait for Hollywood to discover our National talent?

asks Donald Sutherland

"Piccadilly Jim" scripted by P. G. Wodehouse

NOWHERE on earth has original thought a poorer opportunity to make itself heard than in the British film industry of to-day. And that is why nine British scripts out of ten are not worth the paper they are written on. These are sweeping statements but they are based on five years professional criticism in the course of which every major British production has been reviewed.

In photography, lighting, acting . . . even in direction, although one could not have said as much two years ago, British films are just as good as the best from any other nation. But those scripts . . . !

Between every author and his picturised works hover a cloud of "specialists." Their particular speciality seems to lie in reducing original thought to conventionalised forms. They are paid for their knowledge of film technique, of the censor's requirements, of the director's idiosyncrasies or some like shibboleth. They hack, cut and slash till a nobly designed piece of literary brocade emerges from their hands looking like a soiled patchwork quilt. The excuse offered for this vandalism is that the original author does not know the requirements of the screen. Actually, the reason is different. It is done because the author does not know what the producer thinks the cinema audience may want. Therein lies a distinction with a difference. If the author were to retort that the producer, by his own works betrayed, knew even less of story and character building, who would listen to him?

So you have the strange spectacle of a rapidly expanding industry, officially hungry for more and "different" stories, unofficially stamping out any glimmer of originality to be found in its purchases.

Authors are not credited with enough intelligence to grasp the fundamentals of cinematic treatment for themselves. These mysteries only can be found in the head of some obscure youth attached to the studio for a weekly wage, who meets the incursions of the outsider with all the self-protective, calculated hocus-pocus of a closed corporation, determined to keep the newcomer at arms' length.

Hollywood in her time has played some queer pranks upon authors, but nowadays she welcomes them with open arms. She pays them royally and offers every possible co-operation and facility if they should happen to show real aptitude for what amounts to a new literary form. In America, any author of a successful novel or play is given an opportunity to work for the screen on generous terms. Some succeed, and you have the specialised screen writer like Frances Marion, Dorothy Parker and so on. Not content with American writers, Hollywood reaches out for our own Hugh Walpole, R. C. Sheriff, P. G. Wodehouse, R. J. Minney, A. P. Lipscomb and many others have worked in California. They were all here before Hollywood heard of them, but they were offered no chance at home. And even now we are raiding Hollywood for experienced American scenarists because we are too much afraid to gamble on our own—and too short-sighted to pay for and make use of the men and women who ought to work in British studios.

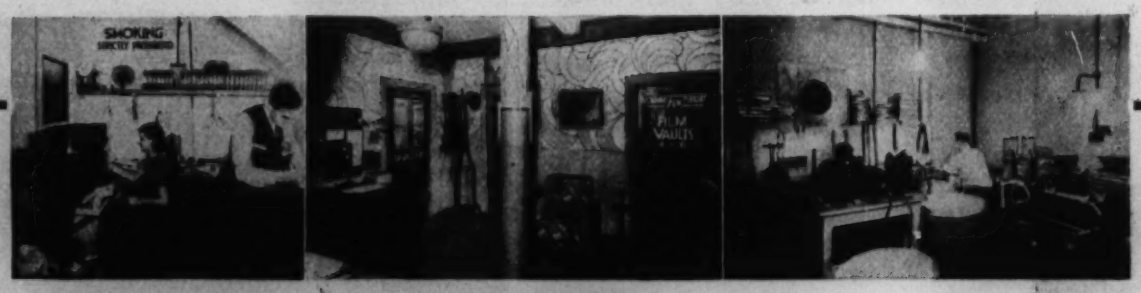
Naturally this attitude evokes a mild contempt in the minds our producers most need and least consider. Letters in England look on cinema not as a Cinderella they might be proud to serve but as a Mrs. Midas-Malaprop whose vicarious hospitality is at times useful.

The old dictum that America makes the best bad pictures in the world is borne out daily in picture houses all over Britain. And it is done by good writing. Every filmgoer knows the picture in which pungent dialogue redeems timeworn situations for the twentieth time. These same filmgoers have also suffered British films in which verbosity obscures good stories, in which excellent actors wrestle with lines which would destroy a Gable in two pictures.

A poor script, ill prepared, rehashed from time to time on the set as shooting progresses gives no one a chance. It means retake after retake, with an ever increasing strain on the nerves of all concerned. It means waste of time which is waste of money.

Owing to sheer want of imagination, British producers have largely failed to build up their own stars, but there are still large numbers of good writers and good stories left to us.

It might be worth while letting them speak for themselves.



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NEWSREEL RUSHES

by the Commentator

—Courtesy G.B.

TELEVISIONEWS. Rearing into a giant question mark, an old Wardour Street dragon comes to life again at reports that the B.B.C. will soon have available two television "Outside Broadcast" vans, complete with portable Emitron cameras. With outside television thus a stage nearer, Wardour Street trembles as it hears the dread dragon's hissed question:—*WILL TELEVISION KILL THE NEWSREELS?* A first glance at the problem seems to show television as destined to sweep all other forms of reporting out of the picture. For the new medium will be able to bring the world into the world's homes with all the atmosphere of the actual event unfolding, and reported with the speed of a radio running commentary. But closer investigation reveals less obvious facts, which materially alter the composition of the television versus newsreel picture. Three headed is the answer to the dragon's question: first, the importance of editing; second, the commercial aspect; third, censorship.

THE EDITOR'S JOB, as applied to press and newsreel, is to combine the individual and isolated work of a large number of reporters or cameramen into a composite picture of the news in which every angle is covered. When several cameramen are working on the same story, none can know the relative importance of his small section of the job, while he is still on the job. The cameraman who scoops a slow motion shot of the Grand National favourite falling at Valentine's may feel that his is the star shot of the day, but how wrong he would be if at the same moment at the other end of the course the Grand Stand had caught fire. Hence the importance of the editor, who sees each shot in its true perspective *vis-á-vis* all the others, who sifts thousands of feet of film to pick the most telling incidents, the most exciting angles, who can do all this because he comes between the cameraman and the public.

BUT NO EDITOR can come between the television camera and the viewing screens in a million homes; what the camera sees, it passes on within a minute fraction of a second. The best that the television editor can do is to fade from one camera to another, with little certainty that the view via the second will be much better than via the first. He may plaster every inch of the Grand National course with cameras, but when the favourite falls at one of the far jumps, can he ensure that the nearest camera is "on the air" at the moment? On the newsreel screen, the Derby runners round Tattenham Corner—suddenly comes a flash cut-in of a man on the rails with his hat pushed over his face—to bring a roar of approval from the cinema audience. But the chances are ten million to one against the television camera catching one such fleeting moment.

WITHOUT EDITING, news is dull. The essence of press and screen reporting is that it can compress into a few moments the thrills of many hours, that in a flash it can leap through time. By comparison, the ears and eyes of radio and television will be slow and cumbersome. But the newsreels will hold their own only through the skill and imagination they bring to their editing. Television can give the world a general impression of the Royal Opening of Parliament, or the Boat Race, but it will be left to the newsreels to add all the unrehearsed details that recreate the living story. Thus television may bring just that stimulating competition that the present hand-in-glove working of the different reels fails to provide. Television will kill the badly produced newsreel.

COMMERCIALISM. Probably over 90 per cent of present day newsreel stories are based on hope of publicity for someone or something. The year's almost endless list of launchings, public demonstrations, and official openings are all part of someone's advertising campaign. The classic example comes from America, where, through every Winter, Miami Beach Florida is prepared to feed and house in its best hotel at its own expense, one cameraman from each of the newsreels. Miami Beach knows well that, with the rest of America fog-bound, harassed New York editors will be only too ready to include in their reels the "sunny Miami" stories which the resident cameramen will send north. In the same way, our own Wimbledon Lawn Tennis, Twickenham Rugger, Earls Court Boxing, authorities, and many other, provide free entry for the newsreels because they foresee increased interest in the games brought by newsreel publicity. But the newsreel publicity involves showing only a minute fraction of the match, only a few concentrated flashes of the prolonged excitement of the whole; and those flashes are shown hours after the match is over, with little possibility of affecting the "gate." Television must, if it is to "get the high spots," give the whole match to the whole country with the speed of a radio commentary. Both the B.B.C. and the newsreels have already had experience of what happens when the owners of a great stadium decide that their interests threaten to be adversely affected by radio and screen reports. It needs little imagination to guess those same gentlemen's answers to a request to televise the *WHOLE* match to the *WHOLE* country! There seems little doubt that television will be the world's greatest box-office and turnstile killer, and as such will be a deadly enemy where the newsreel will continue in the friendship of mutual advantage.

CENSORSHIP, in the official "B.B.F.C." sense, does not at present apply to the newsreels, but in fact censorship through the editor does exist. Mostly through fear of box-office unpopularity, editors invariably cut gruesome, anti-religious, or blatant propaganda pictures. Often Whitehall makes an unofficial request that a certain shot should be cut. No British naval pictures may be released without having been viewed by Admiralty officials. The reason: the cameramen may have inadvertently filmed secret equipment. With television all such censorship will be impossible, leading to many a newsreel story being barred from the viewing screen.

THAT TELEVISION MAY HELP THE NEWSREELS, is perhaps the most fantastic shadow cast before an event that is well within the bounds of possibility. For television may one day solve the newsreel's biggest problem—distribution. Though the B.B.C hold a monopoly of broadcast television, there seems nothing in the present law to stop television by wire along privately rented Post Office cables. So why not every cinema in Britain wired to the newsreel production departments, so that no sooner is the first print of an edited story off the printing machine, than it can be simultaneously televised to every screen in the country.

ALL HONOUR to British Movietone for their promise to film the Coronation in colour. Such courage is rare in our newsreels, but in this instance will be amply repaid. Every cinema in the country will want to sign up with Movietone, and as they appear to have signed an exclusive contract with Technicolor, who in turn seem to be the only colour system with adequate processing laboratories in this country, none of the other reels look like being able to offer colour to their patrons. Also impressive are Movietone's arrangements to fly the Coronation films to New York. By special plane, which must leave England by about 4 p.m., they hope to get the films aboard the airship Hindenburg before she leaves Germany at 8 p.m. on the evening of Coronation Day. In that case, and with fair weather, New York should see the Coronation within two days!! But Movietone haven't said how they hope to catch the plane at 4 p.m.!

An Appeal

I WISH to commend the work of the National Film Library to all those interested in the history and development of the screen.

Within the space of forty years a new art has come into being. The pioneers in this, as in other fields, made little attempt to preserve their products once they had served their purpose. Not one really early film exists in its entirety. But more or less complete fragments have been unearthed from vaults where they have lain forgotten for years. They are now in the safe keeping of the National Film Library in this country or of similar institutions abroad.

There are, no doubt, many other survivors of the days of the Nickelodeon, Electric Palaces and Cinedromes, but they have to be sought out, treated and put into safe keeping if they are not to harden, shrink, or fade to such an extent as soon to be worthless.

Some of the masterpieces produced as recently as the immediate post-War years have been entirely lost because of the junking of every copy after the commercial run was over. The National Film Library intends to prevent other irreparable losses of this sort occurring. The student of to-day as well as of the future should have access to a complete record of the development of the cinema from the standpoints of production, camera technique, the art of a noted player, the changes in public taste and box-office appeal, etc.

The National Film Library has been in being for nearly two years. During that period it has acquired copies of many old films, and through the generosity of the film trade it is now receiving copies of most of the important productions to-day.

More funds must be obtained if the National Film Library is to carry out its work on a scale comparable to that of libraries in other countries which are in receipt of large sums from the public purse or research foundations.

Money is wanted for three main purposes. Firstly, old films must be bought and preserved so that the collection may be made really representative of the history of the cinema.

Secondly, copies of many of these films should be made available to the many thousands of people in the country who are interested in the history of the Film, and who wish to exhibit them at lectures, demonstrations and so forth. Copies of a few pre-War films have already been made and are available from the Loan Section of the Library to individuals and societies in membership of the Institute.

Lastly, means must be adopted to preserve the films permanently. The British Kinematograph Society, at the request of the Film Institute, lately set up a strong committee of investigation. One of its recommendations was that films " as a matter of routine should be subjected to complete refixation and thorough washing in many changes of water with a final rinse in distilled water." This expensive process must be undertaken if the Library is properly to fulfil its function.

As President of the National Film Library I appeal to everybody who reads these words to help in this project ; but especially do I appeal to those in the Industry itself.

SUTHERLAND.

NATIONAL FILM LIBRARY, 4 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.I

PEOPLE WITH PURPOSES

From the Board of Trade Journal we learn that the Department of Overseas Trade has received from the Director of Canadian Trade Publicity in Great Britain a notice to the effect that his Government offers, free of charge, to schools and other institutions in the London area, the use of a library of cinematograph films, with complete projection equipment and an operator. These films are also available through the Empire Library at the Imperial Institute.

To amplify the subject matter of the films and add to their educational value an appropriate lecture will be given by Mr. Clayton Atto, a Canadian and a graduate of McGill University, at present in England.

* * *

Booklets on London and a film dealing with municipal activities are projected by the General Purposes Committee of the L.C.C.

* * *

A Mobile L.M.S. Projection rail unit is carrying instructional films to audiences of 421,000 employees throughout the country.

* * *

At the Imperial Institute Cinema, an hour of world travel films can be had by children for a penny. *Plantation People*, a Cadbury film, shot in Technicolor was recently shown at the Institute. This film describes the life of the peoples of Trinidad, the gathering of coconuts, bananas, sugar-cane, cocoa and grape fruit.

* * *

London firemen now have their own cinema for instructional purposes.

* * *

Colour has been used in a film to illustrate so unusual a subject as the manufacture of manure from garden refuse. The film, made by Messrs. Adco, Ltd., is used in conjunction with a lecture on "Organic Manures for the Garden."

* * *

A Bradford shoe repairing firm has prepared an instructional film for showing to its employees.

* * *

From America comes *Postal Inspector*, a feature film made with the United States Post Office as a background. The story indicates the part played by postal workers in fighting the gangster menace in the States.

* * *

Popular Science, a colour film sponsored by the magazine of that title, is being shown in this country. It illustrates the contents of the magazine.

A publicity film for the city of Bristol, *Bristol—Birthplace of America*, is being shown in this country and in the United States.

* * *

A decree has been passed in Berlin making it necessary for all cinemas to include at least one documentary or propaganda film in every programme. The German Government gave its visa to 360 propaganda films during the past year.

* * *

St. John Ambulance Association have sponsored an air raid precaution film. This was recently shown throughout the Bournemouth area.

* * *

Twelve new films of Canada and ten of New Zealand have been added to the Empire library at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington.

* * *

Catholic Film Society's new programme of propaganda films includes a picture made in the Aran Islands, a film dealing with the subject of Holy Matrimony, and two comedies. The Society hopes to provide every parish with its own projector for propaganda film shows.

* * *

A number of propaganda films have been prepared to teach new methods of agriculture to the Natives in the Straits Settlements.

* * *

Land of Promise is the title of a new picture prepared for propaganda purposes by the Zionist Council.

* * *

Recruiting for Clann nah Eireann (The Irish Youth Movement) is being assisted by a propaganda film dealing with the traditions of Ireland.

R.P.S. Programme

A paper entitled "The Special Effects Department," is to be given by H. Chevalier, of the Denham Studios, to the Royal Photographic Society's Kinematograph Section, on March 18th (the meeting having been altered from the customary fourth Friday owing to Easter).

Mr. Chevalier has obtained special permission from Alexander Korda to use for his demonstration shots from many Denham productions, and has also secured the co-operation of the process departments of other studios.

Tickets for this meeting, which commences at 7.45 p.m., may be obtained from the Joint Secretary of the Kine Section, R. Howard Cricks, F.R.P.S., 159 Wardour Street, W.1. The meeting is held at 35 Russell Square, W.C.1.

In Production

G.B.I.

The Gap (Air Defence)
Voyage of the Discovery
Heredity Series (4 films)
Secrets of Life Series (12 films)
West Indies Series (12 films)

Realist Film Unit

A film about schools, by Basil Wright.

Publicity Films

Pioneers of Safety (working title—for Dunlop)
Gallons of Goodness (C.W.S. Milk)

Strand Films

The Future's in the Air
Day in the Life of a Station Superintendent
Watch and Ward in the Air
Rice (working title)
Tin (working title)
Malaya (working title)
Let's Have a Holiday
Oil (working title)
Spring in England
We Are Building
Land Settlement
Social Service
Lifeboats
Lead

G.P.O. Film Unit

We Live in Two Worlds (International communications)
Road Transport
Big Money (The Nation's Budget)

Films for Children

The British Film Institute has published at 1*s.* the Report of the Conference on Films for Children which took place on November 20th and 21st last. The Conference was organised to consider how film entertainment specifically designed for children could be provided at public cinemas. Amongst the speakers were Mr. S. W. Harris, Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Home Office, Mr. S. Rowson, President of the British Kinematograph Society, Dr. Emanuel Miller, Honorary Director of the East London Child Guidance Clinic, Mr. Kenneth Nyman, Chairman of the London Branch of the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association, and Mr. Sidney Bernstein, Managing Director of the Bernstein chain of theatres. The British Film Institute is considering the proposals that emerged from the Conference so as to put them into effect as soon as possible.

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It wouldn't cause you a flutter if it were. But print that in a film-fans' paper and thousands would get a top-note thrill. It's no good measuring the public by your own yardstick. You've got to study them very hard to discover what they like and dislike. That's our job. We know our public. And that's probably why we get so many advertisers coming back to us for more and more films.

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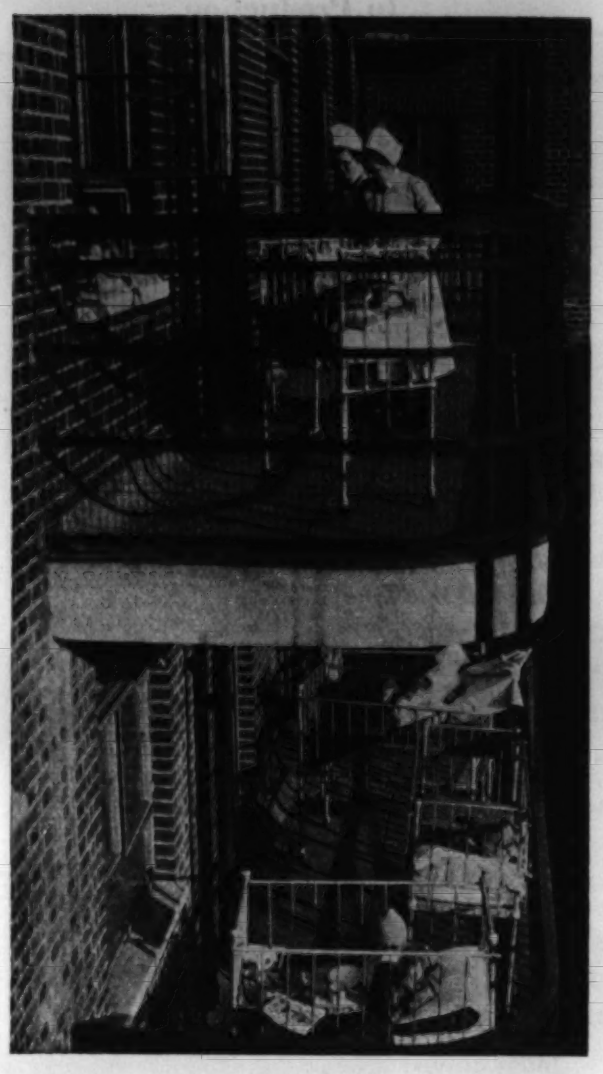
FILMING A HOSPITAL

By Andrew Buchanan

(Sixth of Series for Amateurs)



HAVING STUDIED THE methods which should be employed in filming such impersonal and scattered subjects as villages, towns, factories, farms and places abroad, let us turn to producing a comprehensive study of a particular phase of human activity which is making an important contribution to the well-being of the community —work which affects everyone. In planning this, we shall probably be helping one of the many deserving causes to be found in every town, for we shall publicise, via the screen, some vital work that is always going on. We shall be giving sensible practical help that makes no attempt to be patronising. Somewhere, maybe, efforts are being made to build a new and wider bridge, to construct finer roads, to demolish uninhabitable houses, or preserve old historic places to form an oasis in the middle of a modern desert; to create pleasant parks—for people, not cars. Each and all of these activities offer material for interesting films, which can be planned to show the progress of the work, thereby creating valuable records. Within the same category, yet dominating all, is the work of the hospital, and a little film offering glimpses of what goes on behind the familiar walls will do much to awaken public interest.

Naturally, there are as many ways of approaching this subject as there are hospitals, and it will be found that the layout of the building and the character of the Matron will materially affect one's production. Some hospitals will be willing to have everything filmed, from the operation theatre to the coal cellar, whilst others will permit only the waiting-room, and a long shot, through glass doors, of the children's ward, to be shot. I feel, therefore, that the best thing I can do is to relate my own experiences when filming the Infants Hospital, near Victoria.

I weaved a slight story into the production, to knit together the scattered activities of the place, and you can easily do the same without deviating from documentary tactics, for the story must necessarily be secondary to the work of the hospital. Accordingly, I began with a studio replica of a working class kitchen, in which a small boy was fiddling with his father's wireless set, whilst his mother crouched over a sewing machine. The set was in bits, all over the table, as sets usually are when there is a good programme, and, of course, the boy lifted up each little part, examined it, put it in his mouth, sucked it, and put it down again. I showed this highly technical process in several large close-ups of his face. Then came a close-up of his grubby hand picking up yet another screw. This, in the next shot, went into his mouth and—HE SWALLOWED IT! He visibly swallowed it, because although shaped like a screw, the object was made of liquorice! His mother ignored his terrified antics, thinking he was fooling as usual, but when his father returned, found a screw missing, and heard the boy howling, he put two and two together, and rushed him off to the Infants Hospital.

Lapse of Time

This building possesses an attractive modern exterior, around which broad black balconies wind themselves. I shot several scenes which included the building, some from the road looking up, others from the balconies looking down, to bridge the lapse of time during which the boy was being brought along, and the pathetic little family was finally observed hurrying up to the building, from one of the above mentioned balcony shots. I then took a close-up of an attractive plaque over the entrance, modelled and coloured in the Italian style, portraying the figure of a child, and this cut to a pavement shot into which the running feet of the parents and boy entered. A medium shot from the middle of the road then revealed the whole entrance, the plaque, and the three hurrying figures. My next shot was from within the entrance hall, showing the family, in silhouette, entering the doors and turning right. Next, a close-up of a door leading into an examination room.

Our lights were concealed in the room, so that when the figures entered, they were visible as they walked forward, and were met by a nurse. The screen was next filled with the dial of a weighing machine, showing the pointer swinging round. The reason for this was disclosed in the next medium shot which enabled us to see the nurse weighing the boy. Incidentally, every patient is weighed there, irrespective of the nature of the complaint. The nurse then walked to a desk and filled in details on a chart. We showed her hand in close-up doing this, and intercut the shot with glimpses of the boy, trying not to cry. A long shot of the room was then taken from a far corner, and we saw the boy being picked up and carried out of the room, followed by the parents. A title explained that he was to be X-Rayed in order to locate the screw, and diagnose the degree of seriousness of the trouble.

We began this sequence by showing the mother sitting on a form in the waiting-room, whilst the father walked nervously to and fro. The word X-Ray followed in a close-up, and moved off the screen as the door upon which it was printed opened. I took the camera further back to show the whole of the door, as it opened, and also to see into the X-Ray room, our lights being concealed within. The apparatus was vaguely visible, and the nurse's figure could also be seen. I then entered the room, and raised the camera as high as the tripod would permit, and shot down on the small boy, who was lying on a couch looking frightened, whilst the nurse stroked his forehead. Above him hovered the apparatus, its gleaming shape jutting down from the top of the frame. An X-Ray Sister stood by a panel of controls. Next, a close-up of her fingers turning one of the dials. Then another close-up of a power switch, and her hand entered, and pulled down a lever. A medium long shot revealed all the apparatus above the couch, and this slowly dissolved into a shot showing the backs of a doctor and a nurse, thrown into silhouette by the light of a frosted glass panel, upon which rested the negative of the X-Ray photograph. This they were studying intently. Then a close-up of the negative, and a finger located the black mark which denoted the exact position of the screw inside the boy.

Camera Angles

Of course, this was a genuine photograph which has been previously taken, showing a real screw that had been swallowed, and it was on account of the existence of such "evidence" that we had planned the liquorice screw incident. Another title explained that for a few days the boy would be given treatment which might disperse the cause of the trouble, and if this failed he would be operated on. The camera then looked down on him lying in bed. You will have observed that most of the shots of the little patient were shot from a high level, the object being to emphasise the helplessness of the small figure. In a contrasting shot of him from a slightly lower level we saw his arm dangling through the bars of the bed, and on the floor, a little toy motor car. He lay gazing at the ceiling. The leaves of a calendar then fluttered away in close-up, denoting the passing of three days, by which time the operation was deemed necessary, and so the last of the

Filming a Hospital

(*Continued from opposite page*)

calendar dates dissolved into a glass topped cabinet filled with bottles. Among these was the chromium gauze-framed mask of the anæsthetic outfit, and a rubber gloved hand slowly removed it.

A long shot revealed the fact that the patient lay on the theatre bed in a small room adjoining, and standing behind him was the masked figure of the anæsthetist, holding the apparatus. Two masked assistants stood by. This cut to a long shot of the operation theatre, where the surgeon and two more assistants, masked and gloved, were making final arrangements. The great theatre light shone down on the space into which the bed would be wheeled. The patient was then moved in, the bed sliding past the camera in close-up. A medium shot showed the white figures closing round the bed, and the light being adjusted. This cut to a group of heads looking down. Now, it is interesting to learn that although no actual operation took place, the effect was so realistic that an audience was convinced it was genuine. This was due to pictorial suggestion, suspense, and careful cutting. From the intent masked faces I cut to a close-up of a side table, upon which were arrayed, in perfect order, rows of surgical instruments. A gloved hand entered, and picked up several pairs of delicate scissors. This was followed by a medium shot of the patient, covered in white material. A section of this was removed, and clipped back by the scissors, revealing a bare portion of flesh.

This process was quickly intercut with close-ups of the heads looking down. A long shot increased suspense, for the grouped figures prevented the audience seeing what was actually going on. I then returned to a close-up of the table top, and a hand slowly removed the scalpel. Once again, the heads of the assistants looking down, and then a large close-up of the surgeon's head, which bent lower and lower, as, presumably, he performed the operation. At this moment, the scene dissolved into a medium shot of a sunny balcony, and there we saw the little patient lying in bed, playing happily with the toy motor car which had previously been seen lying on the floor. Following this, more fluttering leaves from the calendar, and through them we saw the parents leading the boy, now recovered, from the hospital.

I trust that, by having detailed the shots as accurately as memory permits, it will be possible for the reader to visualise the film, and to understand the fundamental treatment of the subject. It will have been observed that the narrative was made to flow by the frequent insertion of additional shots—mostly close-ups, which enabled the major action to make progress, and also to create suspense. I have no hesitation in advocating amateurs to regard hospitals, welfare centres and local clubs as suitable film material, primarily because they introduce the human element, and will give valuable experience in the handling of people. So far the amateur has concentrated upon knitting machines, cathedrals and the inhabitants of farm yards, but, believe me, human beings need approaching quite differently, and the director who, by his skill, patience and confidence, can make ordinary people behave naturally before the camera is well on the road to creating human stories which really matter.

NEWS FROM AMATEUR CLUBS

THE METEOR FILM PRODUCING SOCIETY of Glasgow have completed their film, *Fourth in Hand*, and have entered it for the Scottish Amateur Film Festival, which takes place on February 20th in Glasgow. The Hon. Anthony Asquith will be adjudicator at this Festival, and among the awards to be competed for are the Victor Saville Cup and the Andrew Buchanan Trophy.

A list of the club's productions may be secured from the programme secretary, Ian S. Ross, 80 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, by any person wishing to hire their films.

THE BECKENHAM CINE SOCIETY has steadily progressed during each of its six years of existence, and ambitious plans are in hand for 1937.

A flat has been rented where members have been able to meet at any time. A studio and theatre have been fitted out for their use, while other rooms have been converted into a workshop, a kitchen, a dark-room, and a recreation room for indoor sports.

It is now possible for those interested in the work of the Society, but uncertain as to whether or not they wish to become members, to become Associates at the cost of 5*s*. per annum. The Committee is convinced that, given the opportunity of seeing Amateur films in production, Associates will want to play an active part and become full members. On March 2nd, at 8.15 p.m. George H. Sewell is to give a talk to Associates on colour photography.

Headquarters are at 7 Victoria Buildings, Beckenham Road, and the Secretary is Miss Mary Davies, 105 Clockhouse Road, Beckenham, Kent.

ACE MOVIES were recently visited at their studios during the filming of *Luna Park* by The Whitehall Cine Society, a club of individual film-makers. Members of the visiting society, possessing no studio facilities themselves, were impressed by the organisation and equipment required for interior production.

The problem of producing sound films, which worries all similar organisations, is receiving urgent consideration in view of the rumour that a commercial concern, at present manufacturing professional equipment, is shortly to market the necessary equipment to enable amateurs to produce sound on sixteen mm. film to a degree of efficiency equal to the standard of present day sixteen mm. photography. The fact that even apart from the capital outlay on equipment, production costs will increase by 100 per cent, will be a problem for clubs working, as most do, within narrow financial limits. Ace Movies feel that at first a probable solution will lie in a group of clubs acquiring between them the necessary recording outfit, and will be glad to hear from any clubs within a reasonable radius interested in such a proposition.

The Secretary of this Society is E. W. C. Wood, 15 Openview, S.W.18, and the studios are at 90 High Street Mews, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

BALHAM AMATEUR CINE CLUB, now nearing the end of its second year, has started, but had to abandon as many as three films owing to members of the cast leaving the neighbourhood. One short comedy of a Sunday's hike in a downpour of rain, has been finished, and two more films—*The Strange Case of Doctor Rintelin*, a 400 foot drama on 16 mm., and *The Infernal Triangle*, an informal comedy on 9.5 mm.—are nearing completion. It is hoped that a new comedy, *The Queue*, will go into production this month.

The Club now organises monthly projection evenings, when friends and members of other Societies will be accommodated in the suitably adapted Club Room, where sound and projection equipment have been installed.

Meetings take place every Tuesday and Friday at 8 p.m. Hon. Secretary: A. F. Durell, 52 Melrose Avenue, Mitcham, Surrey.

WIMBLEDON CINE CLUB has recently divided its weekly meetings into three groups—technical discussions, the screening of films from other societies, and production evenings. In this way all tastes have been catered for, and of the first mentioned, a talk on Kodachrome and an address by G. P. Kendall, Esq. were the most interesting. At the meetings when films have been screened, the Teeside Cine Club and the Bognor Regis Film Society have contributed to make the evenings a success. Mr. William R. Weedon having finished *Unknown Motive*, gave this film its premiére presentation at a recent Associate members meeting. This production, photographed by H. C. Bealby, contains many interesting points, worthy of note from a technical view-point.

Associate membership has now risen to over fifty since it was first introduced in the latter part of last year, and this is considered very satisfactory.

Production No. 15, *Swing Mr. Charlie* from the original story by Brian Smith, is now on the floor under the direction of the author.

The Hon. Secretary to this Club is C. W. Watkins, 79 Mostyn Road, Merton Park, S.W.19

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY FILM PRODUCTION UNIT: This Society, active in both the spheres of Production and Projection, held four meetings during February, together with a Film Ball on February 23rd. *Front Page*, *Hippocampe*, *Ether Symphony* and *Dinner News*, were shown to members on February 3rd, and on the 10th, Edward Carrick, Art Director to Criterian Films gave a talk in the Lecture Rooms, Mill Lane. *Die Ewige Maske*, *Colour Box*, *Housing Problems*, and $x+x=o$ were included in the Film Matinée at the Arts Theatre on the 17th. On February 24th, Arthur Elton, Chairman of Associated Realist Film Producers, addressed the Society. Scheduled for March showing are Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*, *Gentlemen in Top Hats*, *On the Way to Work*, *Lichtentanz*, and *On Parade*.

The Film Unit has now completed *Psychology To-day*, a one-reel (sound) documentary on applied psychology.

Hon. Secretary to this Society is Miss D. D. Hoare Nairne, of Newnham College, Cambridge.

Frank Benson's Richard III —"misappropriated stage play technique"

Raw Material of Movie History

A Survey of the National Film Library's Collection

HISTORIANS OF THE cinema are generally agreed in naming certain specific films (*The Great Train Robbery*, Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*, Wiene's *Caligari*, and so forth) as landmarks. Without disputing the value of such key-films, it is desirable to point out that too much concentration on them is liable to falsify perspective, leading implicitly to the odd belief that the early cinema progressed by an alternation of halts and sudden irrevocable forward bounds. As a corrective to this, nothing is better than a study of some of the lesser films of various periods—not key-films in the sense that they were startlingly original or artistic, but key-films from an opposite aspect, in giving us some idea of a norm of film-making at a particular time.

This *a priori* impression is confirmed and amplified by reference to some of the early films in the National Film Library. Founded less than two years ago, with a very limited capital at its disposal, this collection does not claim, from an historical point of view, to represent more than an elementary nucleus; yet even so, its potentialities in this direction are already strikingly clear. Had anything like it existed twenty years ago, we should not now be wondering whether *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *The Covered Waggon*, or *The Last Laugh*, would ever be exhibited on any English screen again. As it is, despite the large gaps in the collection between, say, *The Great Train Robbery* (the first important story-film) and Hitchcock's *Blackmail* (the first British talkie) there is much that throws great light on the film's beginnings.

One of the most interesting points is the prevalence of colour-effects, too rarely recalled. These were not restricted to occasional primitive attempts at "realistic" two-colour processes, or to such hand-colouring as is exemplified in a French film of 1909, *The Invisible Thief*—which incidentally includes some quite ingenious trick-work—but showed themselves everywhere in the use of dyed film-stock, different scenes being toned to suggest different moods. Thus outdoor scenes would be in sepia, night-scenes in blue, fire-scenes in red, and so on.

In *Bucko McAllister* (post-war), when a man turns on a light, the colour-change is timed so as to flood the scene with yellow at the correct moment; and such a yellow-lighted interior is intercut with a night-exterior in blue, so as to give an effect of contrast almost exactly parallel to an elaborate effect at the end of the recent Technicolor picture *Dancing Pirate*. Indeed, it is difficult to say which experiment is the more successful. Again, in the French *Coeurs Meurtris* (also post-war) the colours of a single scene change several times, to give the idea of changing spot-lights directed on to a cabaret-dancer.

It is perhaps a pity that we have no copy of the John Barrymore *Jekyll and Hyde* of 1920, whose uniformly green colouring gave, I remember, a double sinister atmosphere to the incidents portrayed.

The influence of the stage cannot have appeared strongly until the end of the 1900's. Street scenes, such as those shown in some actuality-shots taken

"The Birth of a Nation"

The Assassination of President Lincoln

Raw Material of Movie History

(*Continued from previous page.*)

at about the turn of the century, bear no recognizable allegiance to any established art-form; and certain of them, in their somewhat random freedom from externally imposed restrictions, are measurably closer to present-day methods within their particular field, than are the fiction-films of a decade afterwards.

When, however, the film began to take on a first crude shape, it became excessively formalized; and an extreme instance of the misappropriated stage-play technique is provided by a two-reel production of Shakespeare's *Richard III* (1912), performed by F. R. Benson's company in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. The camera remained in one position throughout, and the scenes were played through in order, the meaning being conveyed (?) by exaggerated gestures. Each scene was introduced by titles: "Act so-and-so, Scene so-and-so," and a few words sketchily indicating the subject, followed by a line or two quoted from the actual text. The scenery was undisguisedly theatrical; but the costumes at least were good.

At about the same period we have the Italian Cines productions, dealing with tales of ancient Rome. Here, although much of the action was out-of-doors, the technique still fundamentally belonged to the *Richard III* school, and it is illuminating to contrast this kind of thing with an American one-reeler, *His Phantom Sweetheart*, made not more than two or three years later, but already displaying all the slick facility of the modern American cinema in embryo, with naturalistic backgrounds, neatly cut-in close-ups, intimately-handled acting (crowd-scenes are directed with some skill), and a camera which enters freely into the midst of the action instead of remaining stiffly at a distance.

Early difficulties of continuity are much in evidence, and they repay study, for some of them persist, if in slightly altered form, to the present day. Nowadays, though, we cannot overcome them by having a gentleman with a pointer to stand by the screen and elucidate, as was at one time the custom. An examination of old films is also likely to straighten out the misconception which asserts that silent films were automatically faster in tempo and more full of action than modern talkies. Often, if not always, the difference seems rather to be that in the silent film we could not hear what the characters were saying when they spoke, whereas in the talkie we can.

Note For Film Societies

Since the National Film Library aims at *preserving* films of historical value, the greater part of this material will not be available for distribution to Societies until an opportunity has occurred for making duplicate prints. Eight films of particular interest have, however, been reproduced on both 35 and 16 mm. stock, and those wishing for further details about them may be directed to apply to the British Film Institute, 4 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Gifts of films, or money, or both, are also, it need hardly be added, very welcome.

NEWS FROM FILM SOCIETIES

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD WORKERS' FILM SOCIETY: A Czecho-Slovakian film of 1935, *Hey Rup*, was the chief feature of the Society's film display at the Rivoli Cinema, Rusholme, on February 14th. This film, directed by Mac Fric, also director of *Janosik*, won a prize at the Moscow World Film Exhibition last year. Though banned in France, it has been passed by the British Censor. Other films included in the same programme were *The Moon*, a French film describing the Moon's circuit of the Earth; *The Filter*, an interesting record, by Mary Field and Percy Smith, of the many stages through which water has to pass before becoming fit for human consumption, including superb photography of the growth of bacteria and the multifarious forms of plant life in the water; and *Barcelona News*, a topical film of scenes in Barcelona including a United Workers' Demonstration and the Funeral of Durrutti.

Scheduled for showing on March 14th are *Le Loup Garou* (Hunted People) directed by Friedrich Feher; the National Book Council's *Chapter and Verse*, and George Pal's *Ether Symphony*. Hon. Secretary: R. Cordwell, 86 Hulton Street, Salford, 5.

OXFORD FILM SOCIETY: *Savoy Hotel* 217, a spy melodrama set in pre-war Moscow and directed by Gustav Ucicky, headed the programme given at the eighth meeting of the season on February 7th. Two G.-B. Instructional films, *The Mine* and *The Development of English Railways*, together with Len Lye's puppet film *Birth of the Robot*, were in support. The following performance, given on February 21st, included *The Great Train Robbery* (America 1903), *Expansion of Germany* (Britain 1936), two Walt Disney cartoons, one of 1922 and one of 1934, and the Swiss film *Die Ewige Maske*, directed by Hochbaum. The last meeting of the season is on Sunday, March 7th. Hon. Secretary: E. F. Bowtell, 105 Victoria Road, Oxford.

STIRLINGSHIRE FILM SOCIETY: An address by Mr. Harry Watt, co-director of *Night Mail*, was followed by a programme of films by the G.P.O. Film Unit on Friday, February 5th. *Der Hauptmann von Koepenick* was shown to members at the Regent Cinema, Bannockburn, on Sunday, February 14th.

TYNESIDE FILM SOCIETY: The first exhibition of the Spring session took place on January 24th, when the programme included *Merlusse*, *Our Daily Bread*, Lotte Reiniger's *Carmen*, early newsreels, and two 16 mm. films made by Montagu Amateur Pictures—*Monty Meets Disaster*, a puppet cartoon by Mr. Arthur Greaves, F.R.P.S., and *The Day Thou Gavest*, a satirical documentary of Newcastle's Sunday, directed by Ernest Dyer and photographed by Arthur Greaves. On February 5th, John Grierson lectured to members and their friends, and on the 14th, a second exhibition of films included *Fredlös*, *The Mine*, *The Red Army*, *L'Hippocampe*, *Ali Baba*, and *The Hindoo's Charm* (an early silent film). On February 21st, Basil Wright was present to introduce and discuss *L'Atalante*, when *Song of Ceylon* and *Night on the Bare Mountain* were also shown. The Hon Secretary to this society is M. C. Pottinger, c/o Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1.

WOLVERHAMPTON FILM SOCIETY: The G.P.O. Film Unit visited the town during February and gave a special display to the Film Society of *Night Mail*, *Weather Forecast*, *Granton Trawler*, *Upstream* and 6.30 *Collection*. On February 10th the Society exhibited *Student of Prague*, *Birth of the Robot*, *L'Hippocampe*, *Brumes D'Automne* and *Coal Face*. For the March meeting *Ali Baba*, *Mediaeval Village* and *Snow Hounds* have been booked. Hon. Programme Secretary: E. L. Packer, Himley Crescent, Goldthorn Park, Wolverhampton. Hon. Membership Secretary: Miss D. Roston, 60 Great Brickkiln Street, Wolverhampton.

MERSEYSIDE FILM INSTITUTE SOCIETY: At an interesting meeting held at the David Lewis Theatre on February 17th, Alberto Cavalcanti gave a lecture on "Sound in Films," illustrated by records and excerpts from English, French and American films. The following Tuesday an Extraordinary General Meeting took place in the Society's Rooms, at which it was moved that no film should be shown at any exhibition organised by the Society, except those deemed to illustrate the science of film-making, and that no part of the funds of the Society should be expended on the organisation of any exhibition having entertainment as its principal object. It was also proposed that any profit made by the Society should be used for furthering its objects and not distributed among members. Hon. Secretary: J. Alex Parker, 5 and 6 Bluecoat Chambers, Liverpool 1.

NORTH LONDON FILM SOCIETY: On February 22nd members of this Society saw a private demonstration of the new RCA Photophone Ultra-Violet Ray sound recording process, at the company's demonstration theatre, Electra House. On the following Sunday the programme given at the Monseigneur News Theatre, Strand, was headed by *Dawn*, a film made in the Irish Free State and dealing with the struggles of 1919–21. In support were *A Famous Cook at Work*, Arthur Elton's film of Marcel Boulestin, made on behalf of the Gas, Light and Coke Company, and *Russia To-day*, a graphic account of industrial development in modern Russia. On the same day, Mr. Ronald Kidd gave a talk on the Irish problem.

Hon. Secretary to this Society is H. A. Green, 8 King's Road, N.4.

The LONDON FILM INSTITUTE SOCIETY showed Lotte Reiniger's film *The Adventures of Prince Achmed* at its February meeting. This is the only full-length silhouette film, and was shown in its entirety, with a musical accompaniment arranged by Miss Reiniger and Basil Wright. Paul Rotha's *Contact* and Cavalcanti's latest short film *Tschierva Hut* were also shown. Membership of the L.F.I.S. is steadily growing and 450 people were present. Future meetings will be held on March 7th, April 4th and May 9th. The subscription for the half season is 5*s*. 3*d*. Miss Olwen Vaughan, 4 Great Russell Street is Secretary.

BOOKING GUIDE TO SHORT FILMS

For Film Societies

Most Film Society secretaries find it a hard job to provide four or five first-class shorts for every one of their programmes during the season. There is a tendency to rely too much on the shorts imported by the London Film Society, not all of which are for various reasons suitable for some provincial audiences as secretaries have sometimes found to their cost! Secretaries could select from the following list with reasonable confidence. A further list will be published next month.

Title.	Director or Subject.	Country of Origin.	Approximate Length.	Renter.
The Bells of Belgium	Storck	Belgium	1,240 feet	Butchers
The Mascot	Starevitch	France	2,000 feet	Butchers
The Ringmaster	Starevitch	France	1,134 feet	Butchers
Shipyard	Rotha	Great Britain	2,233 feet	Gaumont-British
This was England	Field	Great Britain	1,844 feet	Gaumont-British
The Face of Britain	Rotha	Great Britain	1,730 feet	Gaumont-British
Citizens of the Future	Taylor	Great Britain	1,913 feet	Gaumont-British
Progress	Bower	Great Britain	1,667 feet	Gaumont-British
Great Cargoes	Rotha	Great Britain	2,000 feet	Gaumont-British
Industrial Britain	Flaherty	Great Britain	1,916 feet	Gaumont-British
Secrets of Life	Field	Great Britain	850 feet	Gaumont-British
The Fortress of Peace	Mt. St. Michel	France	1,400 feet	Gaumont-British
Enough to Eat?	Anstey	Great Britain	2,018 feet	Kinograph
Key to Scotland	Grierson	Great Britain	1,300 feet	Kinograph
And so to Work	Massingham	Great Britain	1,500 feet	Kinograph
Gentlemen in Top Hats	Historical	Sweden	1,000 feet	Kinograph
Night Mail	Wright & Watt	Great Britain	2,200 feet	A.B.F.D.
Weather Forecast	Spice	Great Britain	1,500 feet	A.B.F.D.
6.30 *Collection*	Watt	Great Britain	1,500 feet	A.B.F.D.
Ali Baba	Pal	France	1,100 feet	A.B.F.D.
Colour-box	Len Lye	Great Britain	500 feet	G.P.O. Film Unit
Rainbow Dance	Len Lye	Great Britain	500 feet	G.P.O. Film Unit
Joie de Vivre	Gross	France	1,100 feet	Film Society
Fox Hunt	Gross	Great Britain	800 feet	United Artists
Disney Cartoons	Disney	America	800 feet	United Artists
Bluebottles	Montagu	Great Britain	2,300 feet	Film Society
L'Hippocampe	Painlevé	France	1,500 feet	New Realm
The Bridge	Ivens	Holland	1,000 feet	Film Society
Rain	Ivens	Holland	1,000 feet	Film Society
Mor Vrăn	Epstein	France	2,400 feet	Film Society
Night on the Bare Mountain	Alexieff	France	900 feet	Film Society
Soap Bubbles	Dudow	Germany	3,153 feet	Film Society
Carmen	Reiniger	Germany	1,000 feet	Film Society
Little Chimney Sweep	Reiniger	Germany	1,416 feet	Film Society
Papageno	Reiniger	Germany	1,000 feet	Film Society
The Stolen Heart	Reiniger	Germany	1,100 feet	Film Society
Harlequin	Reiniger	Germany	2,500 feet	Film Society
Private Life of the Gannets	Huxley	Great Britain	1,500 feet	United Artists
Wharves and Strays	Brown	Great Britain	1,500 feet	United Artists
Nursery Island	Field	Great Britain	1,800 feet	Gaumont-British
Cover to Cover	Shaw	Great Britain	1,750 feet	A.B.F.D.
Chapter and Verse	Hawes	Great Britain	2,500 feet	N.B.C.
Way to the Sea	Holmes	Great Britain	1,500 feet	A.B.F.D.
Death on the Road	Rotha	Great Britain	800 feet	Gaumont-British
The Mine	Holmes	Great Britain	1,500 feet	Gaumont-British
Medieval Village	Field	Great Britain	1,500 feet	Gaumont-British
For All Eternity	M. Grierson	Great Britain	1,800 feet	M.G.M.
Beside the Seaside	M. Grierson	Great Britain	2,000 feet	Kinograph
Heart of the Empire	M. Grierson	Great Britain	750 feet	M.G.M.
Rooftops of London	Keene & Burnford	Great Britain	1,250 feet	M.G.M.
Statue Parade	Keene & Burnford	Great Britain	1,250 feet	M.G.M.
Contact	Rotha	Great Britain	3,000 feet	Wardour
Coalface	Cavalcanti	Great Britain	1,100 feet	A.B.F.D.
B.B.C.—Voice of Britain	Grierson	Great Britain	5,000 feet	A.B.F.D.
Lobsters	Moholy-Nagy & Mathias	Great Britain	1,250 feet	A.B.F.D.

ADDRESSES OF RENTERS REFERRED TO ABOVE.

Butchers Film Service Ltd., 175 Wardour Street, W.1; Gaumont-British Distributors, Ltd., Film House, Wardour Street, W.1; A.B.F.D., A.T.P. House, Oxford Street, W.1; Kinograph Distributors Ltd., 191 Wardour Street, W.1; G.P.O. Film Unit, 21 Soho Square, W.1; Film Society Ltd., 56 Manchester Street, W.1; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Ltd., 19 Great Tower Street, W.C.2; New Realm Pictures Ltd., 167 Wardour Street, W.1; National Book Council, 3 Henrietta Street, W.C.2; United Artists Corporation Ltd., Film House, Wardour Street, W.1; Wardour Films Ltd., Film House, Wardour Street, W.1

Broadcast of Christophe Colomb

(*Claudel and Milhaud*)

The quest of Christophe Colomb is for wholeness and the conquest of the Invisible. So says Paul Claudel of his work. And indeed he has made us feel this "wholeness" and this "Invisible"—by the most powerful imagery, by a spirit at once intimate and revelatory. The musician has come into line with these terrific concepts.

The two must never again be parted.

I believe that is the highest praise which could be given to Milhaud.

Christophe Colomb will not surprise those who have found the fine worth of this musician amid the confusion of post-War music. It will not surprise those who realised how far he was from that "art for art's sake" which so long seemed the only sure gain of modern times. They will find there the same inimitable melodic curves, giving a fresh twist to some popular song. They will find the same freedom of language, at one moment naive in its simplicity, at the next enriched by a whole complex of harmony and rhythm. These things have characterised the art of Milhaud from the beginning. They are on familiar ground. But for those who have not yet discovered Milhaud, the mere size of this work—its ambition, its touch of pathos, bring to light a musical personality of the first order.

How many modern works have brought home so strongly or to so many sympathetic hearers, a "different" music? This is a music of our own time. It does not rest, even secretly, on well-tried traditions, or on canons of art now held false.

"Christophe Colomb" brings us this "different" music. It has a frank, disturbing newness, especially in the opening scenes, and in the second part in scenes like "La conscience de Christophe Colomb" and "le Paradise de L'Idée." It is there, I think, that we must look for the core of the work. It is there that we see its newness which is rather human than musical. The composer, like his hero, is up against himself. He is up against music—against "his" music.

The more directly dramatic scenes, "Le Recrutement des caravelles," "Christophe Colomb et les marins," are more superficial, but no less striking. Their use of the spoken chorus opens up a new field of sound.

True, here and there the argument wavers through a loss of sense of proportion. True, the composer sells cheap some of the raw materials of his art (I am thinking of his cruel treatment of the human voice). True, there is occasionally a carelessness in the handling of harmony and orchestration, which tends to become aimless. But need we stress these things?

In this work we are already far ahead of the merely formal ideal, which seemed till recently the only aim for art. It is on just that inhuman perfection that Milhaud is turning his back. The man speaks in his work, and will not be stifled by the musician. If we are ever to find this "new humanism" which is hailed on all sides, the honour is to Milhaud for showing us the way.

MAURICE JAUBERT

B.B.C. Events

★Monday, March 1st, 7.30 p.m.: Feature Programme. *Cumberland Crack*. Production: Bridson. REGIONAL.

Tuesday, March 2nd, 7.50 a.m.: Fifth Test Match. Commentary from Melbourne. NATIONAL.

Wednesday, March 3rd, 8.15 p.m.: Concert from Queen's Hall. Mozart, Brahms, Schubert. Conductor: Boult. NATIONAL.

★9.30 p.m.: Feature Programme. *For All Ills*. Production: Cheatle. REGIONAL.

Thursday, March 4th, 6.40 p.m.: Play. *Patriotism Ltd.* Du Garde Peach. Production: Burnham. NATIONAL. 8.40 p.m.: Shakespeare Discussion. Val Gielgud and Alfred Hitchcock. NATIONAL.

Friday, March 5th, 4.0 p.m.: *Pig Yourself*. Famous instances of "Tu Quoque." By S. L. Ricardo. Production: Pudney. ★REGIONAL. 7.20 p.m.: Feature Programme. *Cornish Tin*. Production: Wood. NATIONAL and WEST REGIONAL.

Saturday, March 6th, 3.45 p.m.: Army *v.* Navy. Rugger. Commentary from Twickenham by Captain Wakelam. NATIONAL. 9.5 p.m.: *Madame Butterfly*, Act 2. From Sadlers Wells. REGIONAL.

Sunday, March 7th, 8.0 p.m.: Moody Centenary. Service from Lyceum Theatre. NATIONAL. 9.5 p.m.: *Old English*. By Galsworthy. Production: Sieveking. NATIONAL.

★Monday, March 8th, 9.0 p.m.: Feature Programme. *Story of News*. Production: Adam and Gilliam. REGIONAL.

Thursday, March 11th, 7.35 p.m.: *Inspiration to a Poet* (Danish Adaption). Production: Allen. NATIONAL.

Saturday, March 13th, 8.0 p.m.: *The Princess*. Short story by de la Mare. REGIONAL.

Sunday, March 14th, 9.5 p.m.: *The Blue Cross*. By Chesterton. Adapted Short Story. NATIONAL.

Monday, March 15th, 8.30 p.m.: Carroll Levis and his Discoveries. REGIONAL.

Tuesday, March 16th, 7.45 p.m.: *Ticket of Leave Man*. By Taylor. Production: Creswell. NATIONAL.

Wednesday, March 17th, 8.15 p.m.: Symphony Concert from Queen's Hall. Doktor Faust. Busoni. Conductor: Boult. NATIONAL.

Thusday, March 18th, 8.10 p.m.: Feature Programme. *Straight from the Horse's Mouth*. Production: Inglis and Morrow. NATIONAL.

Friday, March 19th, 3.0 p.m.: Grand National. Commentary from Aintree. NATIONAL.

Saturday, March 20th, 2.40 p.m.: Sports Commentary. Oxford v. Cambridge, Athletics. England v. Scotland, Rugger. NATIONAL. ★8.0 p.m.: *Francesca del Rimini*. Relayed from La Scala, Milan. REGIONAL.

★Sunday, March 21st, 7.10 p.m.: Feature Programme. *Forsaken City*. (Plague of London). Production: Allen. REGIONAL. 9.5 p.m.: Feature Programme: *The Channel*. Production: Gilliam. NATIONAL.

RADIO NOTES FOR THE MONTH

Last month *Steel* from the North Regional station; this month *Cumberland Crack* from the North, *For All Ills* from London, *Cornish Tin* from the West, *The Channel* from London, *Granite* from the West, and *The Mail Coach* from London. Seven important feature programmes in the space of a few weeks.

Steel touched a high point in B.B.C. productions. Bridson, the producer, spent weeks in the Sheffield foundries with notebook, microphone and recording van, getting the raw material for his programme. Its sense of reality was almost frightening to a Southerner. It really deserves a whole article to itself.

An odd thing to notice about feature programmes is that the champions of radio "actuality," all London producers, are turning their hands to feature programmes of historical or general interest. Witness *For All Ills*, a feature about old quack remedies and nostrums; Gilliam's *Story of News; Forsaken City*, a feature about the Plague of London. Actuality is coming from the Regions. And this is only natural because the life of the country is not to be found in the Thames Valley or in Regent Street cafés as some of the London men would imply. For music and news London is the obvious focal point, but "actuality" is to be found in Sheffield foundries, Welsh mines and the dock of the Clyde. That the B.B.C. is recognising this fact by relaying four important features from the North and West Regions is encouraging.

There are conclusions. If the North, West and Midlands are to get a bigger share of the National programmes, then so far as features are concerned London becomes a South Regional station. Why not release some of the London producers from the constant problem of having to fill up so many hours a week with something or other, and set them exploring the South with a recording van? One could suggest off hand the London Docks, cross-Channel services, old Sussex industry, and Margate for subjects.

London might then become an inspiration instead of a bugbear to Regional officials. Recording units could be installed in each Region. Instead of performing a third-rate play written by an M.P. about the Rhondda, the West might get the Rhondda to make its own programme.

B.B.C. Events (contd.)

Monday, March 22nd, 7.53 p.m.: *The Flying Dutchman*, Act 2. Relayed from State Opera House, Berlin. REGIONAL.

Wednesday, March 24th, 6.40 p.m.: *Granite*. By Clemence Dane. Production: Wood. NATIONAL.

Thursday, March 25th, 6.40 p.m.: *Wireless Puppets*. Production: Lauri Wylie. NATIONAL.

★Friday, March 26th, 8.15 p.m.: Feature Programme. *The Mail Coach*. Production: Felton. REGIONAL.

★Sunday, March 28th, 5.15 p.m.: *King Henry IV*, Part 1. By Shakespeare. Production: Creswell. NATIONAL.

Tuesday, March 30th, 8.0 p.m.: *And now Goodbye*. By James Hilton. Production: Burnham. NATIONAL.

The *Daily Mail's* campaign against the "Menace of Red Bias on the Radio" as they headline it across their main news page, has reached startling proportions. On 18 out of 25 weekdays they printed something like 10 columns of accusations against the B.B.C. The trumpeting has been loud enough and long enough to awaken some of the Tory backbenchers. The Blimps are being mobilised. Lords Bertie of Thame and Rosebery have joined the hue and cry after the 'Red' Reith and his "pink Bolshevism."

Rose Macaulay puts it well when she says, "I suppose colourless neutrality often seems, to partisans, to be bias on the side they dislike." It would seem that the *Daily Mail* will only be appeased when the B.B.C. recite atrocities by those "bloody Reds" and cheer on "Franco's noble patriots."

For the serious public a few facts will dispel any doubts the *Mail* may have set up. During the whole of last August I analysed 26 early news bulletins and found that reports of Spanish Rebel activities outnumbered Government reports by nearly three to one. On several evenings Reuter reports of Government advances were not included while Rebel activities were announced. My own opinion is that the B.B.C. expected Franco to gain an early victory last August and were preparing listeners for the final acclamation. After the British Government statement at the end of August the bulletins suddenly became scrupulously "neutral." An insurgent report had to be balanced by a Government report, and if there wasn't one available something equivalent had to be put in. Insurgent reports were and still are announced first.

Unfortunately for the millions of readers of various daily and evening papers which have propagated these fictions about Red radio the summarised facts are not available. The best corrective is for the B.B.C. to give its public the truth about the world.

* * * *

I understand that broadcasting authorities estimate that the number of licences is fast reaching saturation point. They can reckon on 8,000,000 as being about the limit. There should be some stock taking. They can rely on a steady income of from 3½ to 4 millions pounds a year. Definite allocations can be made for various types of programme. Above all, there can be something like a minimum scale of fees for speakers, actors and musicians. At present a performer has to take what he is offered. He may be getting only half the figure received by some other performer whom a B.B.C. official fancies to be more "eminent." Speakers' fees, ranging from 10 guineas a talk, are adequate. Musicians fees, from 3 guineas for a group of items, are low. Variety artists are grossly underpaid for the simple reason that once they have broadcast a joke it is dead. The radio comedian must be constantly inventing new turns. £10 a week is poor compensation for such a job. It is an astonishing fact that staff salaries are slightly more than the total year's fees to artists.

George Audit

FILM GUIDE

Shorts

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (Puppets in Gaspar-color).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: Slatinay and George Pal

BRIDLINGTON: Olympia	March	11,	3 days
Winter Garden	March	29,	6 days
DARLINGTON: Plaza	March	4,	3 days
FALKIRK: Salon	March	1,	6 days
FORT WILLIAM: Playhouse	March	18,	3 days
LIVERPOOL: Curzon	March	1,	3 days
LONDON: Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square	March	11,	3/4 days
SHEFFIELD: Roscoe	March	11,	3 days
SHIPLEY: Royal	March	18,	3 days
TIVERTON: Tivoli	March	1,	9 days
WALTON: Queen's	March	18,	3 days

And So to Work (A comedy of early morning rising).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph
DIRECTION: Richard Massingham

DUNDEE: Regent	March	4,	3 days
FOLKESTONE: Astoria	March	7,	7 days
HYTHE: Grove	March	29,	3 days
LEIGH (Lancs): Palace	March	8,	3 days
LONDON: Cinenews, Tooting	March	18,	3 days
News Theatre, Waterloo	March	11,	3 days
Studio Two, Oxford Street	March	11,	3 days
SOUTHEND: Kursaal	March	15,	3 days
WORTHING: Rivoli	March	29,	6 days

Beside the Seaside (Documentary of South Coast resorts).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph
DIRECTION: Marion Grierson

LINCOLN: Exchange	March	1,	6 days
LONDON: World News, Praed Street	March	15,	3 days
MATLOCK: Cinema House	March	8,	3 days
NEWARK: Kinema	March	15,	3 days
SALISBURY: Picture House	March	15,	3 days
SHEFFIELD: Palace, Wincobank	March	15,	3 days

Birthplace of America (British Towns with American namesakes).
DISTRIBUTION: M.G.M.
PRODUCTION: A. Moncrieff Davidson

BENTHAM: Picture House	March	15,	2 days
BLACKPOOL: Waterloo	March	7,	4 days
BOLTON: Rialto	March	15,	6 days
BURY: Castle	March	15,	6 days
HALIFAX: Grand	March	29,	3 days
LEVENSHULME: Arcadia	March	4,	3 days
NOTTINGHAM: Imperial	March	11,	3 days
PONTEFRACT: Playhouse	March	25,	3 days
SELBY: Hippodrome	March	22,	3 days
SHIPLEY: Prince's	March	29,	6 days

Cavalcade of the Movies (in six chapters).
DISTRIBUTION: Sound City Distributors
LONDON: Tatler, Charing Cross Road

Chapter 4	March	1,	6 days
Chapter 5	March	8,	6 days
Chapter 6	March	15,	6 days

Coal Face (Poetic treatment of coal-mining).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: John Grierson for G.P.O. Film Unit
SOUND PRODUCTION: Cavalcanti

BRYMBO: New Cinema	March	25,	3 days
CASTLETOWN, I.O.M.: Cosy	March	4,	3 days
DOUGLAS, I.O.M.: Regal	March	1,	3 days
DRONFIELD: Palace	March	8,	3 days
ECCLESFIELD: Cinema	March	25,	3 days
LEEDS: Abbey Cinema	March	11,	3 days
LOSSIEMOUTH: Town Hall	March	18,	3 days
PEEBLES: Playhouse	March	15,	3 days
RAMSEY, I.O.M.: Cinema	March	11,	3 days
SOUTHWELL: Ideal	March	15,	3 days

Cover to Cover (A documentary of book production).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: Strand Films
DIRECTION: Alexander Shaw

BRADFORD: Theatre Royal	March	29,	6 days
BRIDGWATER: Palace	March	4,	3 days
EDINBURGH: Monseigneur	March	22,	3/4 days
FOLKESTONE: Astoria	March	7,	7 days
GUERNSEY: Lyric	March	22,	3 days
HULL: Regis	March	8,	6 days
Rex	March	11,	3 days
Royalty	March	4,	3 days
JERSEY: Opera House	March	15,	3 days
LIVERPOOL: Tatler	March	4,	3/4 days
LONDON: News Theatre, Victoria	March	1,	3/4 days
NOTTINGHAM: News House	March	29,	3 days
SWINDON: Palace	March	15,	3 days

FILMS OF EDUCATIONAL AND SOCIAL PURPOSE
At the Tatler Theatre, Charing Cross Road, Saturday mornings, 12–1 o'clock.

March 6th	**Books and Music:**
	Shakespeare
	Keyboard Talks
	Mother of Parliament
	Chapter and Verse
March 13th	**Food Supplies:**
	The Country Comes to Town
	Drifters
	Animal Husbandry
March 20th	**Shipping:**
	Gateways of the East
	Gateways of the West
	Dry Dock
	Liner Cruising South

Enough to Eat? ("The Nutrition Film").
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph
PRODUCTION: The Gas, Light and Coke Co.
DIRECTION: Edgar Anstey

CHESTER: Gaumont Palace	March	22,	6 days
LIVERPOOL: Bedford	March	15,	3 days
Magnet	March	25,	3 days
Plaza	March	11,	3 days
Rivoli	March	29,	3 days
WEYMOUTH: Belle Vue	March	4,	3 days

Fire Fighters (Documentary of the London Fire Brigade).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph
DIRECTION: Peter Colin

ALTRINCHAM: Regal	March	8,	3 days
ERITH: Picture House	March	15,	3 days
HULL: West Park	March	1,	3 days
KING'S LYNN: Majestic	March	8,	6 days
LONDON: Capitol, Wembley	March	22,	6 days
King's, Wimbledon	March	22,	6 days
Pavilion, Balham	March	22,	7 days
Varieties, Hoxton	March	22,	3 days
World News, Praed Street			
MAIDSTONE: Palace	March	28,	7 days
MATLOCK: Cinema House	March	18,	3 days
STRATFORD: Imperial	March	25,	3 days
WANDSWORTH: Palace	March	22,	3 days

Gentlemen in Top Hats and Gentlemen in Crowns (Historical survey of European events for the past forty years).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph
PRODUCTION: A. B. Svensk Filmindustri
ENGLISH VERSION: Donald Taylor

Gentlemen in Top Hats and Gentlemen in Crowns—(*continued.*)

BRADFORD: New Victoria	March	26,	1 day
CAMBRIDGE: Arts Theatres	March	3,	1 day
LONDON: Empire, Highgate	March	28,	4 days
NORTHAMPTON: Exchange	March	26,	1 day
PONTEFRACT: Crescent	March	8,	3 days
POTTERS BAR: Ritz	March	11,	3 days

Herculaneum and Pompeii (Two buried Cities).
DISTRIBUTION: Reunion

MANCHESTER: Tatler Theatre, Oxford Street	March	1,	6 days

Granton Trawler (A documentary of deep sea fishing).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: G.P.O. Film Unit
DIRECTION: John Grierson

BRYMBO: New Cinema	March	15,	3 days
GOLBORNE: Jubilee	March	26,	2 days
HAYDOCK: Picturedrome	March	1,	2 days
NEW BRIGHTON: Winter Gardens	March	11,	3 days

Islands of the Bounty (Islands associated with the famous mutiny).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.

BLANDFORD: Palace	March	11,	3 days
CHEADLE: Royal	March	23,	1 day
CHESTER: Music Hall	March	29,	6 days
DARLINGTON: Empire	March	8,	3 days
DARWEN: Olympia	March	29,	3 days
DONCASTER: Ritz	March	8,	6 days
GILLINGHAM: Regal	March	18,	3 days
GLASGOW: King's	March	18,	3 days
GRIMSBY: Palace	March	29,	6 days
MANCHESTER: County	March	25,	3 days
NUNEATON: Regal	March	11,	3 days
SHAFTESBURY: Savoy	March	15,	3 days
STIRLING: Picture House	March	11,	3 days

Key to Scotland (Documentary of Edinburgh).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph
DIRECTION: Marion Grierson

HELENSBURGH: Tower	March	11,	3 days
IRVINE: Palace	March	4,	3 days
LONDON: Monseigneur, Leicester Square	March	1,	3 days
Monseigneur, Strand	March	1,	3 days
News Theatre, Waterloo	March	18,	3 days
World News, Praed Street	March	25,	3 days
MOTHERWELL: Rex	March	8,	3 days
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: News Theatre	March	29,	6 days
RIPON: Palladium	March	11,	3 days
SOUTHEND: Kursaal	March	1,	3 days
WEYMOUTH: Belle Vue	March	15,	3 days

Lobsters (Documentary of lobsters and their habits).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
DIRECTION: L. Moholy-Nagy

LONDON: Tatler, Charing Cross Road	March	15,	6 days

Men Against the Sea (Documentary of North Sea trawling).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph
DIRECTION: Vernon Sewell

BRADFORD: New Victoria	March	26,	1 day
GOOLE: Palace	March	1,	3 days
HULL: Langham	March	1,	3 days
National	March	4,	3 days
LONDON: Blue Hall, Islington	March	22,	3 days
King's, Wimbledon	March	8,	6 days
Shakespeare, Lavender Hill	March	22,	7 days
World News, Praed Street	March	1,	3 days
ST. HELENS: Savoy	March	15,	6 days

Shorts (*cont.*)

Milestones (The varying types to be seen in England).
DISTRIBUTION: M.G.M.
PRODUCTION: A. Moncrieff Davidson

BANGOR: Adelphi	March 25,	3 days
BELFAST: Lyric	March 22,	3 days
BLACKPOOL: Rendezvous	March 7,	4 days
BRADFORD: Coronet	March 15,	3 days
CARDIGAN: Pavilion	March 15,	3 days
CHORLEY: Pavilion	March 17,	4 days
DUNDEE: Regent	March 25,	3 days
GORTON: New Central	March 11,	3 days
HUDDERSFIELD: Hippodrome	March 15,	6 days
HYDE: Scala	March 18,	3 days
LEVENSHULME: Arcadia	March 18,	3 days
WHITBY: Coliseum	March 25,	3 days

Night Mail (Documentary of the northward trip of the Postal Special).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: Basil Wright, Harry Watt

DARLINGTON: Plaza	March 4,	3 days
SOUTHWELL: Ideal	March 4,	3 days

Secret Hiding Places (Priest holes to be found in English country houses).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph
DIRECTION: Granville Squiers

ALDERSHOT: Alexandra	March 11,	3 days
BIRMINGHAM: Odeon, Warley	March 29,	6 days
BRIDLINGTON: Lounge	March 18,	3 days
FARNHAM: Regal	March 8,	3 days
HYTHE: Grove	March 29,	3 days
LEEDS: Assembly Rooms	March 29,	6 days
Majestic	March 15,	6 days
LONDON: Monseigneur, Charing Cross	March 22,	3 days
Monseigneur, Leicester Square	March 22,	3 days
Monseigneur, Piccadilly	March 22,	3 days
Monseigneur, Strand	March 22,	3 days
News Theatre, Waterloo	March 4,	3 days
LOUGHBOROUGH: Odeon	March 8,	6 days
SOUTHEND: Kursaal	March 22,	3 days
STAFFORD: Odeon	March 15,	6 days
SUTTON COLDFIELD: Odeon	March 29,	6 days

"Secrets of Life" Series (Imaginative descriptions of natural processes).
DISTRIBUTION: G.B.D.
DIRECTION: Mary Field for G.B.I.
TECHNICAL SUPERVISION: Percy Smith

Ebb Tide
MANCHESTER: Tatler Theatre, Oxford Street March 1, 6 days

Home in the Valley
MANCHESTER: Tatler Theatre, Oxford Street March 1, 6 days

Six Thirty Collection (Documentary of West End sorting office).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: John Grierson for G.P.O. Film Unit
DIRECTION: Edgar Anstey, Harry Watt

CHESTER: Music Hall	March 11,	3 days
LEEDS: Abbey Cinema	March 11,	3 days
FAWDON: Empire	March 4,	3 days
SOUTHWELL: Ideal	March 8,	3 days
TOWYN: Cinema	March 11,	3 days

Spring on the Farm
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: John Grierson for G.P.O. Film Unit
DIRECTION: Evelyn Spice

CLACTON: Odeon	March 20,	1 day
GOLBORNE: Jubilee Cinema	March 26,	2 days
LIVERPOOL: Grand	March 20,	2 days

Weather Forecast (How information is gathered for official forecasts).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: John Grierson
DIRECTION: Evelyn Spice

GOLBORNE: Jubilee	March 24,	2 days
LEEDS: Cosy	March 11,	3 days
RAWDON: Empire	March 29,	3 days
WALTHAMSTOW: Regent	March 8,	4 days

Foreign Films

Der Ammenkoenig ("King of the Nurses"—banned German comedy).
LONDON: Studio One, Oxford Street March 1, indefinitely

Ernte ("Harvest"—Austrian).
DIRECTOR: Geza von Bolvary
STARRING: Paula Wessely
LONDON: Academy, Oxford Street March 1, indefinitely

Fredlos ("Outcast"—Finnish).
DISTRIBUTION: Reunion
PRODUCTION: Nordisk Films
DIRECTION: George Schneevoigt
OXFORD: Scala March 1, 6 days

Mazurka (German).
DIRECTOR: Willi Forst
STARRING: Pola Negri
LONDON: Curzon March 1, indefinitely

The Deserter (Pudovkin's first sound film—Russian).
DIRECTOR: V. I. Pudovkin
LONDON: Forum, Villiers Street March 1, indefinitely

FEATURE FILMS FOR MARCH RELEASE

Beloved Vagabond (A.B.F.D.)
DIRECTOR: Kurt Bernhardt
STARRING: Maurice Chevalier, Betty Stockfield, Margaret Lockwood, Desmond Tester

Great Ziegfeld (M.G.M.)
DIRECTOR: Robert Z. Leonard
STARRING: William Powell, Luise Rainer, Myrna Loy, Frank Morgan

Last of the Mohicans (United Artists)
DIRECTOR: George B. Seitz
STARRING: Randolph Scott, Binnie Barnes, Heather Angel, Henry Wilcoxon, Bruce Cabot

Manhatten Madness (Columbia)
DIRECTOR: Edward Ludwig
STARRING: Joel McCrea, Jean Arthur

Man in the Mirror (Twickenham)
DIRECTOR: Maurice Elvey
STARRING: Edward Everett Horton, Genevieve Tobin, Ursula Jeans, Garry Marsh, Aubrey Mather, Alistair Sim

Ramona (20th Century-Fox)
DIRECTOR: Henry King
STARRING: Don Ameche, Loretta Young, Kent Taylor, Pauline Frederick

Romeo and Juliet (M.G.M.)
DIRECTOR: George Cukor
STARRING: Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, Edna May Oliver, Basil Rathbone, Ralph Forbes, Reginald Denny

Song of Freedom (British Lion)
DIRECTOR: J. Elder Wills
STARRING: Paul Robeson, Elizabeth Welch

Woman Rebels (Radio)
DIRECTOR: Mark Sandrich
STARRING: Katharine Hepburn, Herbert Marshall, Donald Crisp, Elizabeth Allan

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